

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Commonwealth of England. From its Commencement to the Restoration of Charles the Second. By WILLIAM GODWIN. 8vo. Vol. 3rd. pp. 616. London, 1827. Colburn.

THE reign of Charles the First is a study for a monarch—the period of the Commonwealth a study for the legislator. The mistake which the former made on his ascending the throne, the bad policy with which he continued to weaken his power by expending his resources, the misapplication of political finesse to circumstances that required determined and resolute conduct,—these, with the fearful events to which they gave birth, deserve the careful and patient consideration both of monarchs and their ministers. On the other hand, notwithstanding the military force that was used to introduce it, the Commonwealth presents some of the most remarkable and striking features that ever distinguished a civil government. It was not so much in the overthrow of Charles's throne that Cromwell or his coadjutors displayed their address, as in their management of the power they became possessed of by the event. The cool and unruffled courage with which they proceeded to accomplish the establishment of freedom, the political wisdom which they exercised in controlling the men whom they had maddened with ideas of religious and civil independence, and the measures pursued with regard to other nations, all present to our observation matter for most interesting speculation. The volume of Mr. Godwin's history, at present before us, refers to this remarkable period in the history of the Revolution. The men whose energies had been chiefly employed in resisting oppression or overcoming opposition, were now to restore order, to settle a nation in a state of anarchy, the more fearful for being founded on religious enthusiasm, and to form a government that should be adapted to the wants of society, on the principles that had raised men in their opinion above the necessity of moral rule, and rendered them independent of civil obligation. The preceding volume of Mr. Godwin, it will be remembered, ended with the death of Charles. After some observations on this event and the causes to which it is ascribed, our author proceeds with the following very excellent reflections on the situation of the new government.

‘There are few situations recorded in the annals of history, in which a higher degree of fortitude and talent can be supposed to be called for in the conductors of public affairs, than was demanded in the men who erected the Commonwealth of England in the beginning

of the year 1649. It was almost six hundred years that England had been governed by an uninterrupted succession of kings from the Norman Conquest; not to mention that monarchy had been regarded as an essential part of its political condition under the Saxons, and even from the time that Britain had ceased to be a Roman province. Man and generations of men are not links broken off from the great chain of being; they are not like some of the inferior sorts of animals, having no opportunity of intercourse with those that went before them, and indebted for their systems of action only to their internal constitution and the laws of the universe, and not to imitation. Generations of men are linked and dovetailed into each other. Our modes of thinking, our predilections and aversions, our systems of judging, our habits of life, our courage or our cowardice, our elevation or our meanness, are in a great degree regulated by those of our immediate ancestors. One race of men does not pass off the stage without leaving their stamp and their ply upon those who come after them; and, in this way, though generations are evanescent and fugitive, nations are, in a certain limited sense of the word, immortal.

‘It was therefore a great and perilous experiment that was made upon the inhabitants of this country, by the men who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, resolved to communicate to the English nation the blessing, such they deemed it, of a republican government. We are told of a dancer, who had been accustomed to perform his figure with a chest standing against one side of the room, and who felt, when the chest was removed, unable to repeat the lesson in which he had been instructed. Things immaterial and unessential are felt by us to be of the utmost importance, when we have never been accustomed to do without them; and, independently of the question whether monarchy is absolutely a good or an ill, this consideration was of the utmost moment in the present instance. It was of no consequence that the republican leaders might be able to persuade a certain number of their countrymen that their system was excellent. Those who remained unconvinced were still a clog and an impediment to such as deemed themselves of more ripened judgment; and it was of the last importance to calculate the numbers of those who adhered to the old impressions, how tenaciously they would resist innovation, and in what degree, whether with a quicker or slower process, they were likely to be brought over by persons who desired to enlighten them.

‘But the parliament, at the same time that they determined the office of king to be unnecessary, voted that the house of peers was useless. At this period there were in the list of the peerage two dukes, two marquesses, fifty-six earls, seven viscounts, and fifty-two barons, exclusively of five persons, eldest sons of earls, who had been called up by writ to that house, and who only added to the number temporarily,

till they should succeed to the title which they were in order to inherit. Many of these persons possessed the amplest estates in the country, and were in the receipt of the largest revenues. A considerable number of them had taken part with the king in the great breach between him and the parliament, and therefore, according to the usual fate of a defeated party, might expect for a time, but not always, to be excluded from their honours and influence in the state; they might expect it; but it does not follow that they would be contented under this eclipse. They would naturally, under any ordinary change, have looked forward to a gradual restoration.

‘But there was a considerable portion of the ancient nobility, and some of them of the most extensive fortunes, who, in the very commencement of the breach, had frankly taken part with the Commons, had fought under their standard, had taken command in their armies, and had accepted civil offices, which conferred on them honours and emoluments, but at the same time demanded from them the conscientious discharge of duties, upon which the success of the public cause more or less depended. The passing of the self-denying ordinance in 1645 for the present at least put an end to this. It was felt at the time that this ordinance fell with an undue weight on the peerage, since, of the order of men constituting the commons of England, only a few persons, such as had been chosen to represent the whole, were excluded from offices of trust and emolument, whereas the whole order of the peers was indiscriminately proscribed.

‘But the entire abolition of the house of peers at this time was a proceeding of a very different magnitude. And every member of that class must be supposed to have deeply felt this privation of one of the highest honours and privileges, to which by the constitution of the government of their country they were born. Here was then a body of about one hundred and twenty persons, the richest and most influential in the community, that were necessarily rendered, more or less actively, the enemies of the new establishment, and many of them persons who had taken a distinguished part in laying the first foundations of the change. A very few of these (for man is a being capable of acts of disinterestedness and self-denial; and some might be seduced by a love of singularity, or by inducements more powerful than those which were common to the whole of them as a body)—a very few of them might sincerely unite with the authors of the commonwealth; others might be led to make a show of neutrality; and the rest awed into silence and forbearance, by the tremendous power at this time possessed by the regicides and the heads of the army. But the alienation of mind of so important a body was no small drawback on the probable felicity of the new institution.

‘When we speak of the extinction of the house of lords, it is natural at the same time to

recollect the lords spiritual, or order of bishops, twenty-six in number, who were not only deprived of their privilege as members of the great council, but had also lost by the change that had taken place the greater part of their emoluments and revenues. If we add to these the remainder of the hierarchy, deans and chapters, archdeacons, canons, prebendaries, and the whole body of the inferior clergy, we shall find them amounting to a considerably army. It is true the majority of the nation was at this time anti-episcopal; and it was therefore to be expected that their greatness and prosperity should cease with this change of opinion. But they were not less the determined enemies of the new order of things; they considered their cause as the cause of God, and were bent to employ all the advantages they derived from learning, and all the influence they possessed over their followers, for the destruction of the present system.

As far as religion was concerned, the English nation was divided at this time into episcopalians, presbyterians, independents, and a numerous herd of sects and fanatics. The episcopal party was inextricably bound up with the royalist; and they fell together, subdued, not extinguished. Hope and zeal still inspired and animated their bosoms. The presbyterians, more numerous than they, had the present ecclesiastical establishment moulded for the most part according to their will, and were in possession of a vast majority of the sacred edifices and the church revenues of the country. But they were defeated as a political party, and felt therefore scarcely less animosity to the present rulers than the episcopalians did. They were also royalists as well as the episcopalians, though after a different fashion. They to a man adhered to the house of Stuart, and desired the restoration of Charles the Second, but upon stipulated and defined conditions, and upon terms considerably similar to those which had been offered to his father in the Isle of Wight.

Besides the inherent strength and importance of these parties, they were both of them rendered additionally formidable from the irritation they felt at the unprecedented way, in which they had been defeated and all their energies laid prostrate, by the superior talents and courage and audacity of their common enemy. The royalists had been driven to desperation, for the head of the sovereign had rolled on the scaffold. The presbyterians had just voted that the king's concessions were a sufficient ground for settling the peace of the kingdom, when the army the next morning took possession of the capital, and seized forty-one of the members of the house of commons who were most obnoxious to them, while their leaders proceeded with the same steadiness, solemnity, and unaltered resolution to complete the catastrophe, as we might have expected from them, if there had not been a man in the country who disapproved or was in opposition to their measures.

The views and projects of these two parties were in no degree baffled, and were in several respects improved, by the sentence and execution that had passed on the king. He had sustained disgraces which fixed on him to a certain degree the character of an ill-fated prince. Like all sovereigns, he had even among his avowed followers and adherents some who entertained for him a personal attachment, and others who, with the most decided vocation to loyalty, had received marks of unkindness from him, who adhered to him as the representative

of English sovereignty, but had small partiality for him as an individual. In addition to this circumstance, which is more or less the lot of every man in a high station, Charles was known in his court and in his royal capacity, as a person of cold and ungracious manners, who from that cause made himself many enemies, and often drove those men from his side, whose attachment it was eminently his interest to secure. If such was the case with the royalists, it was still worse with the presbyterians. They desired monarchy; but their whole hearts were set upon their own ecclesiastical system; and they had so often, and always ineffectually, tried to prevail on Charles to yield to them in this point, that they had every reason to look upon the question in this respect with despair.

The king was removed; but he had left behind him three sons, each of them endowed with such qualities as might bid fair to adorn a throne, or impart grace to a private fortune. The eldest of them, whom the partisans of monarchy in England already delighted to call King Charles the Second, was a young man who had nearly completed the nineteenth year of his age, with large features that, softened as they were in the first dawn of manhood, were singularly prepossessing, and with a frank countenance. His manners were the reverse of those of his father, open, frank and engaging, and calculated to turn all those who had intercourse with him into personal friends. He had taken some part, both by land and sea, in the civil war; and almost all he had done was gallant, spirited, and creditable to his station and rank. His eulogium, as pronounced by Lord Capel on the scaffold, was in somewhat of this manner:—"The eldest son of your late king is your true and lawful sovereign, and is worthy to be so. I had the honour to have been for some years near his person, and therefore cannot but know him well; and I assure you that he is a prince of great understanding, of an excellent nature, of much courage, an entire lover of justice, and of exemplary piety, that he is not to be shaken in his religion, and has all those princely virtues which can make a nation happy." Add to this, his good qualities, whatever they were, appeared to more advantage from the cloud of adversity that hung over him, having attained to the most prepossessing season of human life, born to succeed to one of the proudest thrones on the face of the earth, but now made, by the effect of a most disastrous fortune, an outcast and a beggar.

Never therefore did any governors enter upon their functions under more formidable difficulties, than the men who now undertook to steer and direct the vessel of the new commonwealth. They were in a certain sense a handful of men, with the whole people of England against them. Their hold on the community was, by their religious sentiments, those of the independents, by the rooted aversion of many to the late king and his family, by the sincere terror that was felt of the ascendancy either of the episcopal or presbyterian party, and the devout adherence of a respectable set of men to the principle of religious toleration. The character also of the leaders did wonders. Scarcely had there existed a body of more eminent statesmen than Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshaw, Marten, and Vane. It was by their personal qualities principally that they effected the great change, and placed a select parliament of one hundred and fifty men in the supreme legislative authority, in the room of a house of

commons of five hundred and six, which, with the king and the house of lords, held a divided rule in November 1640. They had also the army to support them; Cromwell having exercised all the vigilance and sagacity of his nature, and his extraordinary power of conciliating the hearts of men, in rendering this body in all respects such, as his ambition or patriotism desired; though we shall presently see that the most vigorous efforts were made to undermine him in this, the strong hold of his authority.

It no sooner appeared that the government now established promised a certain degree of permanence, than many of those persons who had been forcibly excluded from the house of commons, or had voluntarily withdrawn their attendance, manifested an inclination to resume their seats. One of the greatest disadvantages and sources of discredit to the present government consisted in the thinness of the meetings of the legislative assembly; and consequently they would have been glad, by any safe means, to remedy this disadvantage. But, on the other hand, the decisive ascendancy they now possessed in parliament had been secured by extremity and violence; and they were urgently bound to use such precautions for the future as should prevent the necessity of again recurring to similar violence.

The following account of the state in which the University of Oxford was, about this period, is a curious subject for reflection to its present generation of professors and students:

The history of the university of Oxford, from the day of the surrender of that city to the parliament in 1646, has thus far been passed over by us unnoticed. It is necessary, therefore, that we should here take a view of the recent changes in, and the present state of that ancient establishment. We have seen how the university of Cambridge was reformed, and reduced to the presbyterian discipline in the beginning of the year 1644. But the case of Oxford was widely different. This city had been made the principal residence of Charles and his court, from the autumn of 1642 to his flight and escape in April, 1646. It had been a principal garrison for the king; all military expeditions had been concerted here; and the attempt that Charles made for assembling an anti-parliament, had for its scene the city of Oxford.

All these transactions had proved in a manner the destruction of the university. The college plate had been melted down, to aid the king in the prosecution of the war. The principal edifices had been appropriated to the use of the king and his followers, and of the lords and commons who constituted his parliament. The schools were used as granaries, and magazines of various commodities for the supply of the army. The scholars were turned into soldiers, and by mixing with the lowest and most profligate of the military, became like them principally occupied in gaming, swearing, and drinking. Their greatest glory lay in the composition of songs, ballads, and scurrilous libels upon the parliament and its adherents. There was no public act solemnized during the whole of these three or four years. There were few or no lectures read or exercises performed. The colleges were for the most part falling to ruin. The libraries were embezzled.

It was the business, therefore, of the parliament to re-create the university. And in doing this their path was plain. A great majority of that part of the people of England who thought seriously on the subject of religion,

was anti-episcopalian. In remodelling the university, therefore, and raising it from its ashes, it was necessary that those who had the direction of the national affairs should accommodate themselves to this change of opinion. Add to which, in these times politics and religion were closely combined. All that remained of the university, that is the principal officers and heads of houses, together with the herd of dissipated scholars who formed their body guard, were not only devoted to the hierarchy, with all its magnificence of revenue and amplitude of power, but also, as an inseparable member of the same establishment, to the prerogatives of the king in their largest sense, and to the doctrine of passive obedience. The attention of parliament therefore was at once required, to accommodate the university to the present state of religious opinion, and to remove that focus of rebellion and despotic sway which Oxford would always afford, as long as the establishment remained in the hands of its present directors.

Oxford was surrendered to the parliament on the twentieth of June. The present rulers, however, proceeded cautiously, and somewhat tardily, in the execution of the great task which was thus devolved on them. In the month of September seven of the most popular preachers of the presbyterian denomination, one of whom was Reynolds, who after the Restoration was made bishop of Norwich, were sent down by order of the two houses to preach in any of the churches in Oxford, to endeavour to bring the university into a better temper, and dispose them to a reconciliation with the parliament and its proceedings. Their exertions appear to have had a considerable effect on the town's people, but were treated by the remaining members of the university with all possible contempt.

Early in January in the following year an ordinance was introduced into the house of commons, for the purpose of appointing four-and-twenty persons, one third of them clergy, to visit the university, to inquire into the disaffection of any of its members to the present establishment in church and state, and to exercise all the powers that had been accustomed to be exercised by any visitors, by whatever authority appointed. The same ordinance named twenty-six lords, and fifty-two members of the house of commons, as a committee, to whom the members of the university might appeal, if they deemed themselves aggrieved by any decision of the visitors. This ordinance, however, was so long depending, partly by a difference between the two houses, the commons insisting upon the members of their house amounting to the double of those of the house of lords, and the lords pressing for an equality, that it did not finally acquire the force of a law till the first of May following.

Fourteen days after the passing this ordinance, a citation was issued, being signed by ten of the visitors, requiring all the officers, fellows, and scholars of the different colleges, to appear before them in the convocation-house of the university on the fourth of the following month, and to bring with them a list of all the members, officers, and scholars of their respective establishments. Meanwhile, it was precisely at this period that the misunderstanding broke out between the parliament and the army; and the fourth of June, the day fixed for the visitation, was the very day on which the king was conveyed from Holdenby under military escort.

What would have been the conduct of the

heads of houses at Oxford under other circumstances, it is difficult to pronounce. They had committed themselves too far, to hope for forbearance from the present ruling powers. Countenanced by the presence of the king, and feeling that his cause and the cause of episcopacy were one, there were no lengths of hostility to which they had not proceeded, and no contumely with which they had not ambitiously loaded the innovators in the church, and the adversaries of passive obedience in the state.

Meanwhile the present state of things afforded them every excitement, to proceed with the utmost effrontery and arrogance against those who were coming among them to correct them. The visitors by whom they were summoned were presbyterian; but it was evident enough that the power of the presbyterians was rapidly on the decline. Amidst the intestine divisions of those who had hitherto fought against prerogative, the officers of the university, like the king, anticipated the triumph of him who could no longer oppose his adversaries in the field, imaged to themselves both parties as courting the fallen sovereign, and believed, with Charles, that neither could do without him, and that he would be able to give the law to both.

At this very time there was a mutiny in the garrison of Oxford, in concert with the defection of the army at head-quarters, they refusing to disband in obedience to the orders of parliament, and seizing upon the money which had been sent down to facilitate that operation.

The three things the visitors were specially to insist on, were the covenant, the negative oath, (or oath not to assist the king in his war against the parliament,) and the directory, or formula of presbyterian church-government and worship. No person was hereafter to hold any office in, or be a member of the university, who neglected to subscribe the two first, or opposed the execution of the last. On the first of June, three days before the visitation was to take place, Fell, the vice-chancellor of Oxford, held a convocation, in which a paper was consented to, and ordered to be published, entitled *Reasons of the Present Judgment of the University against each of the above particulars.*

On the day appointed, a sermon was preached, previously to the opening the visitation, at St. Mary's Church, in Oxford; and from thence the visitors passed to the convocation-house, for the purpose of proceeding with their commission. But the plan of the dignitaries of the university was already fixed. They were summoned to appear before the visitors between the hours of nine and eleven in the forenoon; and, having waited in the vestibule of the hall till the time was expired, they entered the building, and formally dismissed the assembly. In their return, Fell, attended by his beadles and other officers, met the visitors; and, a cry being set up by his followers of 'room for the vice-chancellor,' he passed on. Meanwhile Fell moved his cap to the visitors, and accosted them with, 'Good morrow, gentlemen; it is past eleven o'clock.' Upon this occurrence the visitors consulted for some time, and at length decided under all the circumstances to adjourn the visitation till the next term.

Not long after this period, an ordinance was passed by the two houses, restoring the earl of Pembroke to the office of chancellor of the university, who had been superseded by the king during the civil war, and the marquis of Hertford elected chancellor in his room. This ordinance of course put an end to the authority of

Fell as vice-chancellor, and of all other officers appointed by the latter of these noblemen. A further ordinance was also made, explanatory of the ordinance of visitation, empowering the visitors to administer the covenant and negative oath, to call for all the books of the university, and to order into custody, and commit to prison all persons disobeying the authority hereby conveyed. St John was at the same time directed to draw up a commission in the amplest manner, to which the great seal was to be affixed, investing the visitors in all the functions of their appointment. This commission was given according to the forms constantly employed on such occasions, in the name of the king.

The visitation took place on the twenty-ninth of September. Fell and the heads of the different houses were ordered to appear before the visitors, and to bring with them their statutes, registers, and public writings. Refusing this latter, Fell was on the eighth of the following month formally declared to have forfeited the office of vice-chancellor, and was ordered to be attached, and brought before the lords for contempt. He was committed to prison, and remained in confinement till the May or June of the following year. The report of the visitors was referred to the committee of lords and commons for regulating the university, who accordingly summoned several of the heads of the houses to appear before them at Westminster, to answer for their contumacy; but none of these of these officers, except Fell, seem to have been detained in custody. They were allowed counsel to plead for them; and the main argument employed in their favour appears to have been, that by their statutes they were not bound to submit to any visitors, but the king and the archbishop of Canterbury: the archbishop was dead; and, though the commission had been drawn in the name of the king, this was a fiction only, and the instrument had not his real concurrence. This argument would, in ordinary times, probably have been admitted as valid; but upon occasions like the present, form must undoubtedly give way to the demands of the public safety. In conclusion it was decided that the heads of the houses who had been summoned, had been guilty of the contempt alleged against them, and they were accordingly voted to be removed from their respective offices.

It was not till the eleventh of April that the earl of Pembroke made his public entry into the university, and the next day Reynolds, afterwards bishop of Norwich, was invested with the office of vice-chancellor. Mrs. Fell, the wife of his predecessor, refusing to quit the apartments she occupied, was carried in a chair by the soldiers into the quadrangle of Christ Church, where they were situated. And on the following day they put Harris and Cheynel, two of the persons who in September 1646 had been sent down by parliament to preach to the university, into possession of the office of presidents of Trinity College and St. John's. Wilkins, the celebrated natural philosopher, who afterwards married a sister of Cromwell, was at the same time installed warden of Wadham College, John Palmer warden of All Souls, John Wilkinson president of Magdalen, and Daniel Greenwood principal of Brazen Nose. Reynolds had by the same authority been made dean of Christ Church.

It was not till the May of the following year, that Fairfax and the principal officers of the army paid their visit to the university. More than twelve months therefore had elapsed

since the appointments last mentioned. The royalists and episcopalians had been entirely banished; and Oxford once more, principally under the administration of the presbyterians, had begun to resume the aspect of a seat of learning and the muses. The officers were received with the utmost attention and honour. They were quartered in the lodgings of the warden of All Souls College. Their arrival was on Thursday the seventeenth. The next morning they were waited on by Dr. Christopher Rogers, the senior pro-vice-chancellor, with the heads of the colleges, and proctors, to compliment them on the occasion. On Saturday they were entertained at dinner by Dr. Wilkinson, president of Magdalen College, and after dinner proceeded to the convocation-house, where they were presented to Dr. Rogers, a person, as Wood says, of most reverend aspect, yet of no parts, only a plainness of speech calculated to fascinate the ignorant, by Jerome Zanchy, the proctor. This latter must have been a man of a singular character, having afterwards become a colonel in the army, and enjoying much of the confidence of Henry Cromwell and General Fleetwood.

(To be continued.)

Lewesdon Hill, with other Poems. By the Rev. WILLIAM CROWE. 8vo. pp. 252. London, 1827. Murray.

THIS little volume is really a curiosity, and wonder-struck as we are with the prodigies of genius which are sometimes found among the ungente crafts, we have seen nothing so marvellously curious as this volume of poems, by the 'Public Orator of the University of Oxford.' The title itself is a wonder, and nobody we think but Mr. Thomas Davison, of Whitefriars, could have got so much English and Greek into so small a compass. But this 'corrected and much enlarged edition, with notes,' has also a dedication of equal beauty both in type and matter, to Jonathan, the Right Reverend Bishop of St. Asaph! and a finer specimen of the pointed style, the 'Public Orator of the University of Oxford,' could not have given. But to proceed to the book itself, which coming from so great a character as Mr. Crowe, certainly deserves considerable attention,—we opened it with more than common interest, because we have lying on our table a treatise, by the same gentleman, to teach all amateur poets how to write good verses. Query—Has Mr. Crowe a class at Oxford which he drills by the exercise of nonsense verses? However, open the book we did with considerable curiosity, and up we went after the author to the top of Lewesdon Hill, which, we are told, mariners call the 'Cow and the Calf.' On arriving here we had some little disappointment, for Mr. Crowe had said, in his advertisement, 'To the top of this hill the author describes himself as walking on a May morning,' and we had promised ourselves a sight of 'The Public Orator of the University of Oxford,' under the influence of his inspiration;—instead of which, we found him 'embathed in invisible perfumes,' and translating tolerably easy Greek into perfectly unintelligible English. We however abhor unfairness on such a subject, or any thing like a figurative expression, and we shall leave the Orator to speak for himself in one of his 'other poems':

INSCRIBED BENEATH THE PICTURE OF
AN ASS.

'Meek animal, whose simple mien
Provokes the insulting eye of Spleen
To mock the melancholy trait
Of patience in thy front displayed,
By thy Great Author fitly so portrayed,
To character the sorrows of thy fate;
Say, heir of misery, what to thee
Is life?—A long, long, gloomy stage
Through the sad vale of labour and of pain!
No pleasure hath thine youth, no rest thine age,
Nor in the vasty round of this terrene
Hast thou a friend to set thee free,
Till Death, perhaps too late,
In the dark evening of thy cheerless day,
Shall take thee, fainting on thy way,
From the rude storm of unresisted hate.
'Yet dares the erroneous crowd to mark
With folly thy despised race,
The ungovernable pack, who bark
With impious howlings in Heaven's awful face,
If e'er on their impatient head
Affliction's bitter shower is shed.
But 'tis the weakness of thy kind
Meekly to bear the inevitable sway;
The wisdom of the human mind
Is to murmur and obey.'

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JUDGE JEFFREYS.
(In conclusion from page 386.)

OUR next extract from the memoirs of this extraordinary character, presents him in a situation in which the real dispositions of his mind were pre-eminently called forth. The history of the special commission over which Jeffreys presided, after Monmouth's invasion, is the most frightful in the judicial annals of our country.

'Every one is familiarized with the history of Monmouth's invasion in the early part of the second James's reign, with his fallen fortunes, his luckless capture, and his much-lamented fate. To punish his adherents, a special commission was issued by the crown, at the head of which was placed Lord Jeffreys, and, in addition to his rank as prime judge, he had, by a second commission, the authority of general.

'The conduct, moreover, of this powerful minister in the execution of his dangerous trust, is, as it were, naturalized in our minds, and, perhaps, it cannot be very much palliated; although we do not profess to be governed by the raving invectives of historians, or the teeming abuse of copying scribes. For the foregoing reason, therefore, the reader shall be but scantily troubled with stories which he can trace the mention of from his childhood, and, consequently, the severity of executions, the dying speeches and confessions, the clamours of distressed relatives, and, above all, the lugubrious dirges of contemporary writers, will be rarely introduced.

'We have no concern with the fury of the famous little ale-house woman in the west, whose rage kindled instantly at the name of Jeffreys; a passion, be it said, *en passant* which she caught from a mother, who was an eye-witness of that dreadful personage: nor with that tenacious feeling of the rabble which urged them to insult the Countess of Pomfret, granddaughter to their hated judge, when passing on the western road.

'Possibly, Sir Bartholomew Shower's mode of treating the subject might be, after all, the best: it is excellent for its brevity. "In Trinity term Monmouth's rebellion in the west prevented much business; in the vacation fol-

lowing, by reason of that rebellion, there was no assize held for the western circuit; but afterwards five judges went as commissioners of oyer and terminer and gaol-delivery, and three hundred and fifty-one of the rebels were executed," &c.

'Something, however, for the sake of justice or humanity, must be said concerning these three hundred and fifty-one persons; and something for the judge's sake, whether he were the avenger of sedition, or the brutal navigator in a sea of blood.

'In the autumn of 1685, Jeffreys went forth, guarded by a party of Colonel Kirk's soldiers, taking with him, as his assistants, the lord chief baron and three puisne judges; although it may be said, that these last were mere cyphers, for all the fierce deeds are imputed to the chief, and all the odium rests singly upon him. He acted up to his commission, gave daily the word and orders for going the rounds, and ordered what party of troops he pleased to attend him.

'Winchester was the first place where the ministers of justice halted; for here was the Lady Alicia Lisle awaiting her trial,—a very obnoxious lady, for her husband had been no other than the great John L'Isle, one of King Charles the First's judges, a zealous republican, some time lord president of the high court of justice, and joint commissioner of the great seal. Her offence was the harbouring one John Hicks, an alleged traitor, who was hung afterwards at Glastonbury, and who fled for shelter after the defeat of the duke. One of the most singular incidents, however, which accompanied this trial, was the appearance of Henry Pollexfen as counsel for the crown. This lawyer had been deep in the confidence of the country party, or, according to the North, "in all the desperate designs against the crown," and yet was selected for the king's advocate upon this emergency; and, which is yet more strange, consented to the employment. Fanatic as he is called, he had contrived hitherto to preserve a great character for consistency; and, in spite of his new retainer, was made chief justice of the Common Pleas on the accession of King William.

'But to return: Hicks and one Nelthorpe, both of Rye-house Plot notoriety, were found in the house of the prisoner under these circumstances: they had escaped from Western Moor, and entreated an asylum at the hands of lady Alice. When the application was made to her, she entertained it with great civility, being entirely ignorant of the route which her guests had taken. Hicks either had the candour or the temerity to acquaint her with the truth, on which she instantly despatched her principal servant to a justice of the peace with information concerning them, but gave especial orders that they might be suffered to escape. At this crisis a party entered, and made the fatal discovery. Jeffreys, bitter foe as he ever showed himself to the dissenters, was transported with rage beyond himself at this trial; for in addition to a prisoner who had been harbouring dissenters, he had a very reluctant presbyterian witness to deal with. It would seem, in fact, that this judge had worked himself up to a lunatic pitch of frenzy against the nonconformists, and that he could scarcely be said to command his senses when one of such a persuasion was brought before him, and yet he displayed his usual knowledge of men's characters by the use of many religious admonitions, and even imprecations of the divine wrath against liars, which greatly tended to alarm the presbyterian wit-

ness, who in reality did shuffle in his testimony for the purpose of screening the culprit, but was entirely mastered by the chief justice. The expressions used towards him were such as he would be most likely to have heard in the places of worship which his creed taught him to attend, and the repetition of them in so awful a place as a court of justice would render them the more formidable to his mind.

One part of Jeffreys's conduct at the trial has been strongly reprobated. He told the jury that Nelthorpe had privately informed him of the whole conversation which took place between the prisoner, Hicks, and himself, when they were together at supper. And although it might have been a very flat and just contradiction of the witness, who was then swearing most outrageously for his mistress, the judge had clearly no right to mention it from the bench. "I would not mention any such thing as any piece of evidence to influence this case," said he; but the jury must have been shamefully biassed by such a statement, because the lady Lisle was clearly made out to have been cognizant of the rebellious designs of those she sheltered, by evidence of that conversation.

The lady Lisle said, that had she been tried in London, several persons of quality would have testified how strongly she had condemned the rising of Monmouth; that she had shed more tears for King Charles than any woman; that she apprehended the object of Hicks's visit to be no more than an anxiety to escape the general warrant against nonconformists; and that her son was actually in arms against the rebels through her advice.

The good woman, seventy years of age, is said to have slept during great part of the charge to the jury; and, beyond doubt, she was well prepared for the scene which was to follow, and well apprised of her judge's outrageous prejudice. But the jury betrayed a feeling which did them some credit. They asked, whether the prisoner could be found guilty of concealing a person who had not been convicted of any offence, for Hicks was not as yet tried; and a very sensible question it was. Jeffreys said, it made no difference, and this opinion of his was one ground for reversing the judgment after the revolution. However, the jury were still dissatisfied; they thought that there had been no proof of lady Lisle's knowledge that Hicks had been in the army. Nothing more palpable, according to the judge's opinion; and at length the death sealing verdict was obtained.

"If I had been among you, and she had been my own mother, I should have found her guilty," said the satiated Jeffreys, who now had his victim bound to the horns of the altar; and then he passed judgment on her, in common with the other criminals who had been capitally convicted at the assizes. Moreover, the sheriff was ordered to prepare for her execution on that afternoon; but Jeffreys threw out this hint, "We that are the judges shall stay in town an hour or two. You," addressing himself to the prisoner, "shall have pen, ink, and paper brought you; and if, in the mean time, you employ that pen, ink, and paper, and this hour or two well (you understand what I mean), it may be you may hear further from us, in deferring the execution." This intimation might have been applied to a discovery of more state-prisoners, or, it is possible that the great man looked keenly for a bribe. For, although writers may have been incorrect in attributing venality to our chief justice upon all occasions, it must be confessed that he began a system of corruption on this circuit, to

say the least; and being himself originally without an estate, now spared no means of acquiring one.

At the intercession of some Winchester clergymen, the lady was respited for a few days; and it was revenge, probably, at his pecuniary disappointment, that induced the inexorability of Jeffreys against petitions for a final reprieve. There was, however, one more turnpike-gate, before the aged prisoner had fully arrived at the close of her sufferings. Access to the throne was ostensibly open; and very considerable interest was made at court to preserve so blameless a life. One thousand pounds were offered to Lord Feversham, the king's general, if he should succeed in saving her; and the noble lord went to his majesty, and begged her life, but heard from the mouth of royalty, that the king had promised Jeffreys not to pardon her.

Although this latter story comes from Burnet, who, in spite of his vivid phraseology and occasional want of correctness, has been more and more confirmed of late in his principal statements, James's want of clemency has been established by other accounts. When he was petitioned for a reprieve by two tory peeresses, he declared that he would not respite her for one day; and these news we have from one who was bent upon excusing the whole transaction; and we are assured again, that Jeffreys had acquainted his majesty that Lady Lisle's pretensions to loyalty were feigned. She was accordingly beheaded as soon as her brief respite expired, declaring, with her dying breath, that the judge omitted to recount her defence to the jury, which, indeed, was but too true. Her guests, Nelthorpe and Hicks, soon followed. When Hicks's brother, then dean of Worcester, was importuned on behalf of his relation, it is said he coldly answered, that "he could not speak for a fanatic." Some intemperate expression might have fallen from that very learned and religious man, but a total want of feeling is highly improbable, since his brother acknowledges, in a letter written just before his death, that the dean was gone up to London to see what could be done for him.

London in the Olden Time. Second Series. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

LONDON is rich in its olden and traditionary history. No capital in Europe is more replete with objects of national remembrance, with associations that give to its localities the sanctity of time-hallowed worth, or with those names of high renown in arms and letters which are stored up in our memories from earliest youth. In the present, as well as the preceding series of the work before us, the chronicles of Old London have enabled the author to give us some very admirable sketches of men and manners in the metropolis before the reformation. As tales they have little to interest, but as exhibiting London as it appeared at this early period, with the living, speaking characters that moved upon the scene, they are entitled to the highest praise. Witness the following picture of old St. Paul's and its choir:—

It was a fine evening, toward the close of the summer of 1453, that a young man, in the garb of a traveller, entered the large cloister, and, with feelings of surprise and admiration, stood, unconscious of the notice of by-standers, intently gazing at the gorgeous pile, that lifted her pinnacled diadem so proudly, the mother

and queen of unnumbered churches around her.

"Ye are from the country, methinks, my very good master?" said a little man in a long sad-coloured gown with wide sleeves, whose countenance and manner alike bespoke his perfect self-complacency; "but ye should have been here at even-song; for, of all singing in the kingdom, commend me to St. Paul's. Ye are in time for Complin, however; and though that service is not so well sung, by reason that service is not so many do not attend it, yet ye shall have better chanting than any where else. Some folk talk, indeed, of the Grey Friars; and some, of the nuns of St. Helen's—and, truly, those ladies' voices are very sweet and solacing; and at the Grey Friars, too, Friar Antony's voice goeth three notes lower than the great Jesus-bell—but yet, my very good master, take it all in all, ye shall hear no chanting like St. Paul's."

Roused from his silent admiration by the shrill and quick voice of the little man, and by pull of the mantle with which he yet further enforced his opinions, the young stranger looked around. "When will Complin begin?" said he.

"Shortly, my very good master," returned his self-constituted companion, taking from beneath his gown a small antiphoner, bound in white sheep-skin, ornamented with large brass clasps, and busily turning over the leaves. "Aye, 'twill shortly begin; and as ye seem a stranger, I will take ye with me, and get ye a good place; and if ye read prick-song, ye shall sing with me."

"I can," returned the young man, smiling; "but do ye belong to St. Paul's?"

"No, my very good master," replied the little man, "but I mostly come here at Complin, to aid as I may the melody."

The emphatic manner in which the words "aid as I may" were pronounced, and the very complacent smile that accompanied them, showed how much the little man prided himself on his musical talents.

"Ye love music then?" said he.

"Aye, marry do I," replied the little man; "and should I not, seeing I am precentor to the church of St. Andrew Undershaft, and subchanter to the fraternity of All-Souls? Old Steven Brewit, who was precentor afore me, used to say I ought to belong to the church. But the bell's on the stroke; we had better go in."

It was a beautiful and imposing scene that the interior of old St. Paul's presented to the young man, as his eye glanced along the wide ranges of tall clustered pillars, supporting the sharp-springing arches, which formed a vista of six hundred and ninety feet, unbroken save by the elaborately wrought screen across the entrance to the choir, with its rich pinnacles and range of delicately wrought images, each standing beneath a canopy of tabernacle work, that rivalled the most delicate productions of the needle, and partly concealing from view the resplendent decorations of the high altar; while, far beyond, the rich marigold window of the great, and noble, and far-renowned of their generation—knights, with the relinquished sword lying peacefully sheathed beside them; or prelates, with the rod of office yet firmly grasped in the tenacious hand—while, where the opening transepts gave to view the rich decorations of the south altar, and the low-browed arches and short thick pillars of the north aisle, in which, in two stone coffers, the bones of King Sebba and King Ethelred reposed, arose

the rich altar-tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, whose effigy, in complete mail, with his gules tabard adorned with the golden cross crosslets of the house of Warwick, lay, surrounded by all the honours due to a knight distinguished alike by his high birth and chivalric daring, and yet more by his liberality to the metropolitan church.

"But, come on, my master," cried the precentor, as the young man lingered to gaze on the proud monuments. "I pray ye haste; for the service is even now commencing; and," continued he, again turning over the leaves of his antiphoner, as the rich tones of the organ rolled along the high vaulted aisles like distant thunder, and the glancing white robes of the choristers were seen gliding along, as with more haste than solemnity they hurried to their desks, "here will the begin: thus, '*Cum invocarem*;' the '*In te, Domine*;' the '*Qui habitat* and '*Ecce nunc*;' then the hymn; then will the priest read the little chapter; and then ye must find the '*Nunc dimittis*.' But your pardon, my good master; ye may know the service as well as I."

"The young man smiled. "Yes, I have sung it often enow at Clare Hall."

"Oh, my very good master, pardon me," returned his companion; "Ye know as much of it as I, being a Cambridge scholar; but I am so used to tell my singing boys, that I said it of course, as it were. Well, though there are some among them that take to prick-song mightily, yet none come on as I did. Why, my very good master, before I was twelve years old I sung, from this very antiphoner, '*Assumpta est Maria*,' on the eve of the Assumption; whereat Sir Barnaby, who was at that time priest of our parish, praised me in open church, and gave me a penny and a piece of cake; and from that time used to send for me to sing with him 'My love is farre inlande,' and the carol 'Nay my nay, nay my nay: it shall not be, I wis,' and the first part of 'Sumer is y'comyng in,' which ye know, I doubt not, is sorely difficult, by reason of the three who bear the burden of F sol, C re, and F sol octave below. Aye, little thought I then I should fill old Steven Brewit's place, where he sat for fifty years; and sat there truly until he died, going off in a swarf even as they were singing '*De profundis*' on All Souls' day. This is his antiphoner; and 'tis a goodly one; here are all the chants for the Psalter, after the use of St. Paul's; two *Credos*; two '*Salve Reginas*;' a whole service for the dead; and the hymns and antiphons in order. Our lady, if I would part with it even for that huge one, bound in crimson in grain velvet, and the arms of St. Paul's worked in gold on the cover, that they are bearing yonder to the dean." And with an important air he displayed, and carefully pointed out to his companion, the neatly ruled red lines, the glossy black diamond-shaped notes, and the marvellous flourishes of the staves, as with accelerated speed he hastened toward the choir, whence the low tones of the chanter and officiating priest were but just audible, alternately reciting the Confession and Absolution. They quickly passed beneath the richly wrought screen, and, taking their stand near the desks of the choristers, as the organ again pealed in full harmony, and the chanting commenced, the worthy precentor opened his antiphoner, and politely holding it to his companion, beating time with his right hand on the leaf, was soon absorbed in his psalmody."

The following description, from the same tale, of a procession of the fraternity of All

Souls, is also very excellent. London about this time was inundated with foreigners, which, with the spreading doctrines of the first English reformer, filled the weak and superstitious inhabitants with the expectation of some supernatural evil. It was under the impression of these feelings the brotherhood of All Souls began their procession.

"The important day, shrouded in clouds and fog, at length dawned; and ere the dim grey light had struggled into day, the fraternity of All-Souls, clothed in gowns and hoods of black sack-cloth, girt with a thick rope, and each holding a string of beads and a lighted taper, assembled beneath the wide archway of the church of the Holy Trinity beside Aldgate. There, receiving the valediction of the prior, preceded by their large sable banner emblazoned with scull and cross bones, and inscribed "Fraternytie of Alle Sowles,"—behind which came Father Gregory, the chanter, and the worthy parish clerk of St. Andrew's as subchanter, each bearing, in addition to their beads and tapers, a huge antiphoner open at the Service of the Dead—this ancient fraternity took the road to the chapel above the charnel-house of St. Paul's church-yard, there to celebrate a solemn mass for the dead. Two and two, with faces muffled in their hoods, their eyes bent on the ground, and slow and solemn footsteps, they proceeded along Leadenhall Street, raising the solemn chant of the '*Placebo*,' that floated along the silent and mist-wrapt street—now swelling into a wild thrilling chorus, now dying away in almost inaudible whispers, as the sullen toll of the death-bells of the neighbouring churches struck on their ear.

"Before the church of St. Andrew, with a silver crucifix in his right hand, surrounded by his acolytes, stood St. Michael; and as the procession passed, raising both hands, with a voice that seemed choked and weighed down beneath the fearful burden of its message, he exclaimed, "Our Lady and the holy Cross, St. Michael the Archangel, and all saints, watch over ye; for those whom Heaven abhors, the church rejects, and earth hath cast out of her bosom, seek to come among ye."—The terrified fraternity simultaneously stopped; the chant broke off; while every eye was fixed imploringly on the messenger of these awfully mysterious tidings, anxious, yet fearful, to ascertain their import. "Go in peace, go onward!" was the only answer, "and the queen of heaven shield ye from evil!"

"Again, with heavy footsteps, the procession set forward; the more timid silently telling their beads with pertinacious devotion, not daring to lift their eyes lest they should meet the withering glance of fiend or goblin; while the more courageous raised the solemn chant yet louder; and the full-lengthened notes, and the firmly pronounced words, came on the ear like a proud defiance to all the powers of darkness.

"The faint light which had so long maintained an ineffectual struggle with the mists of a November morning finally prevailed; the thick vapours slowly rolled away; and as the solemn procession passed the fair castellated conduit in Westcheap, the high pointed gables on either side stood out in bold relief on the clear cold sky; and, rising in lofty and unapproached majesty, the queen-like cathedral burst on their view, gorgeous with buttress, pillar, and battlement, and range above range of fair springing arches, and tracery wrought windows; while, far up in the blue sky, the

lofty spire reflected on her frost-work pinnacles the red blush of morning. The mysterious warning and its terrors vanished from their minds completely, as the wreathed mists had exhaled from around them; and in the strong reaction of their altered feelings they trod along, as though joining in a triumphal procession, raising the chant for the dead with voices suited to some high festival; and, passing through the gate at the top of Westcheap, they proceeded to the chapel of All-Souls.

"Good Giles, keep a sharp look out," cried master deputy; "ye heard what an awful warning Sir Michael gave the fraternity."

"Not I, master deputy," sullenly returned the constable; Sir Michael may look after the goblins and fiends himself, for which, if all be true that is said, he is well suited; I have enow to employ me with the men-at-arms from France, and with scatterling sanctuary men, who go up and down with license of holy church to commit all evil. There was that precious knave, Reynold, out again yesternight, though the rules of St. Martin say 'All shall be within-side by nine of the clock,' tossing off the pottle-pot to the tune of 'Another rising, that honest men may make bread of it,' at the Bill and Morion in Fenchurch Street; and there were some rascal 'prentice lads, who followed him about, because he teaches them to cast dice and play at kayells; and a score men-at-arms, with heavy bills and light purses, the very sort for a rising; and when Ralph Mallard, not able to rid his house of them sent for the watch, master Reynold must brag of the Dean of St. Martin's and privilege of the church. But the worst is to come; for, of four 'prentices and seven men-at-arms that were put in the watch-house, none were there this morning, for the sanctuary men broke down the door and carried them clear off. St. George, that such things should be!"

"Saints preserve us!" cried the deputy. "But yet, good Giles, what is this to those awful doings at St. Paul's?" Strong bolts and bars may keep out heresy?"

"Well, master deputy, I am but a borel man," returned Giles, "and saints forgive me if I be wrong; but I must needs say, I never saw harm of heretics; while your pickers, pillers, and man-quellers, all say they belong to holy church; and, truly, holy church hath much credit of her children!"

"Alack, here's a sore coil!" cried old Bridget, coming up. "Good Giles, get your brown bill and iron head-piece, for the sanctuary men hath broken forth and joined the cloth-workers' 'prentices, who are vowing vengeance against the Flemings, because he up beside Aldgate hath brought in a cargo of kerseys and coggwares. And there are the men-at-arms shouting for joy, to think they shall soon be at their old work of pillage; and the 'prentices throwing up their caps, and crying 'Our Lady Mary of the Shearmen!'"

"St. Andrew, I'll e'en get me home," cried master deputy; "for, though neither cloth-worker nor foreigner, they may chance pay me a visit. Saints preserve that wilful boy Constantine from getting into trouble with those doings at St. Paul's; for, bad as sanctuary men are, heretics and sorcerers are worse."

"St. George if I think so," muttered Giles, as the anxious deputy departed; "so I'll e'en be off, and get the watch-and-ward together; for we may have sore work ere nightfall."

"Scarcely had they departed, when a loud and continued cry burst on Bridget's ear—not a shout of defiance, but a wild yell of terror.

"Sweet lady, what may this be!" cried she: "Ralph Hosier, what may this be?"

"Hinder me not, dame," said the man, in a voice almost inarticulate from terror, pushing her violently aside; "when fiends walk at noontide, 'tis high time for Christian men to get out of the way."

"Good Jenkin," cried the now terrified old woman, catching the arm of the next swift-footed passenger, "what may this be?"

"Home with ye, an ye would not be taken for a witch," growled Jenkin, disengaging himself with no gentle hand, and hurrying on.

But Bridget, with the pertinacity of a genuine gossip, determined not to stir till she knew the whole matter; and, espying master deputy's maid, with the water-bucket, and her distaff stuck in the girdle, coming toward her, screaming with fear, for a third time anxiously repeated her question; but the terrified girl, though evidently not voiceless, was tongueless, and, like the others she precipitately hurried past.

"Sweet lady!" soliloquised Bridget, "'tis the fraternity coming back; and all in confusion! Well, but Sir Michael is a learned man! for he said somewhat would come to pass, and, our lady, it hath sure enow!"

And with extinguished tapers, hoods thrown wildly back, and terrified countenances, the fraternity of All-Souls was seen rushing precipitately up Leadenhall Street.

"Good master Lacere, what aileth ye?" cried old Bridget, whose anxiety to ascertain the cause of all this confusion had now reached its utmost climax; but the worthy cloth-worker, who with exhausted strength leaned against the church door, seemingly thankful that he stood once again beneath the shadow of a consecrated building, could only ejaculate, "Sweet lady! no wonder this hath chanced: we forgot thee, and thou hast forgotten us! But I vow to pay, on the morrow of Candlemas, five pennies, and five wax tapers of the largest, in honour of thy five joys."

THE UNION OF ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING, &c.

(Continued from p. 392.)

THE embellishments of this elegant publication are sufficiently numerous for the purpose of illustrating the principal apartments and their more striking features, and the subjects are exceedingly well selected; not but that there are many other points of view that would have afforded very rich scenes; for such is the variety of the plan, and so great is the multiplicity of the objects which every where present themselves to the eye, that it must have been a task of considerable difficulty to determine from what particular stations the drawings should be made. The frontispiece is, as we have already observed, a coloured plate of the Monk's Parlour, which conveys a very correct idea of this singular and romantic apartment. The other prints are, a plan of the ground-floor; elevations of the four sides of the library and dining-room; two sections of the breakfast-room; section across the upper and lower gallery, and part of the breakfast-room; view of the sarcophagus room; view in the Museum; plan and elevation of the four sides of the sarcophagus room; general section from east to west of the Museum, lower gallery, office, cabinet, &c. with a plan of the lower part of the Mu-

seum and Monk's Room; view of the vestibule to the picture-cabinet, exhibiting a great variety of architectural fragments; view in the cabinet, looking into the inner cabinet; ditto, looking into the gallery; plan and section of ditto; second view of the Monk's Room; the Egyptian sarcophagus; ditto, elevations and sections; six antique vases; eight cinerary urns. Besides the preceding, there are three plates of the National Debt Redemption Office, and two of the royal gallery to the House of Lords, which are given here as specimens of Mr. Soane's style of architectural composition; neither must the vignettes be forgotten, for they are not only exceedingly beautiful specimens of xylography, but highly interesting for their subjects. Among these, we give the preference to the elegant group of antique fertile vases on the title-page; the representation of an antique sepulchral chamber, copied from a cork model in the Museum; and that exhibiting a number of small bronze idols.

The letter-press consists of an introductory chapter on the subject of domestic architecture and interior embellishment; and of three others, giving, first, a general account of the house, secondly, a detailed description of the apartments, and, lastly, a brief notice of the various works of art, arranged under the heads of Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman antiquities, pictures, drawings, books, &c. The author informs us, in his preface, that it was at first his intention to have attempted a catalogue raisonné of the contents of the Museum, but that he was induced to abandon this design, judging that it would have extended the work to at least two large quarto volumes; and unless the principal objects had been also illustrated by cuts or plates, the interest of the work would not, perhaps, have been materially increased to the generality of readers.

The introductory chapter or essay advances some original and rather bold opinions, and advocates greater freedom in architectural designs than has hitherto prevailed. We extract the following remarks as a specimen of the manner in which this subject is treated. 'Interior arrangement is a department of the art that affords a boundless scope for the display of ingenuity and talent, for invention and contrivance. It is here that the architect is called upon to unite exterior symmetry with domestic convenience; to surmount the various obstacles that he must necessarily encounter, and to convert difficulties, which seem to thwart his aim, into beauties, and render them subservient both to artistical effect and to interior comforts. By skilful arrangement of plan, he will be able to form beautiful vistas, and views that unexpectedly burst upon the spectator, so as to fascinate him with delight—to give an appearance of greater extent to the building, and to produce that species of complexity which destroys all monotony. Instead of disclosing the whole beauties of the interior at once, the artist ought rather so to distribute the various divisions, as to present a succession of apartments gradually increasing in effect; to contrast them judiciously, and occasionally to admit glimpses of remote parts, in such a

manner as shall forcibly affect the imagination. That Mr. Soane has profoundly studied this part of his art, must be acknowledged by every one who has examined either the building here illustrated or the interior of the Bank. In the former, the effect which he has attained in this respect is almost unrivalled; for from the first step to the last, the visitor is struck with some ingenious contrivance, some beautiful display, some unexpected scene. Whichever way he turns, he discovers a picture varying at every step. The light and shade are so artfully arranged as to produce the most piquant contrasts, so that what has been primarily adopted from necessity, appears to have been the result of study and luxurious refinement. Parts thrown into shade serve to set off more forcibly the brilliancy of others; parts inevitably contracted tend to add to the idea of expanse; recesses are employed to enshrine beautiful works of art; and windows are so disposed as to admit lengthened perspectives through courts and other rooms.'

In the course of the work other compliments are paid to Mr. Soane, but they appear to be no more than what he is justly entitled to, for the ingenuity, elegance, and novelty, which his designs generally display. He has more than once been the object of invidious personal attacks both in the public prints and other publications, but there is no one who has less reason to be affected at the sneers and cavillings of ignorance and malice; for he may safely trust his fame to his own works; and, like the great tragic poet of antiquity, who, when charged with being incompetent to the management of his fortune, read to his judges a piece he had just finished, may confidently adduce his own splendid and tasteful designs as the most eloquent refutation of his calumniators.

It gives us pleasure to perceive from a note at the end of this volume, that Mr. Britton is preparing a similar one to illustrate the Bank of England, an edifice that will afford abundance of subjects for the pencil, and furnish a great variety of admirable architectural studies.

DE ROOS'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

(Continued from p. 391.)

MR. DE ROOS'S Narrative is full of amusement and instruction, and we know not for which to prefer his volume, whether for the highly interesting detail he has given of American maritime affairs, or for the lively picture he has drawn of transatlantic scenery. We shall present our readers with some passages of each kind. The following observations merit particular attention:—

'There certainly exists a strong impression among the nations of Europe, that the maritime power of the United States is rapidly augmenting, and that the day is not far distant when she may dispute with Great Britain the sovereignty of the seas. Perhaps this extraordinary notion was derived from the delusive brilliancy of certain naval successes obtained by the Americans during the last war with England. The superficial inquirer was content to read in the Gazette of the capture of English by American frigates, and was filled with wonder and alarm at the rising power of the formidable

republic; it was enough for him that a British ship was taken; nor did he appreciate the circumstance that what was styled in America a frigate, approached much nearer to the dimensions of a seventy-four. How rapidly do these flimsy apprehensions, which the vanity and policy of the Americans have so diligently encouraged, vanish on a nearer inspection! With regard to the probabilities of America becoming a great maritime power, I cannot do better than quote the arguments so ably concentrated upon the subject by Mr. Haliburton, in a pamphlet on the Importance of the Colonies, which I regret to find is at present confined to private circulation.

"It ought not to be taken for granted (as it unfortunately is by many) that America must inevitably become a great maritime power. Many predict that she will be so, because she possesses a great extent of coast, has the means of supporting an immense population, and abounds in rich productions, with which she can carry on an extensive foreign trade.

"It must be admitted, that a country so situated may become very powerful upon the ocean: and it is highly probable that the navy of the United States will very soon be a valuable addition to the fleets of any of the European powers in future wars. But let it be recollected, that France and Spain possess all the advantages which have been enumerated, and yet their united naval force has ever been unequal to overpower that of Great Britain. And to what is it owing, that thirty millions of Frenchmen, aided by ten millions of Spaniards, are unable to equip and man fleets sufficiently powerful to destroy the navy of an island which does not possess half that population?—Principally to this; that the inhabitants of the inland parts of France and Spain, which form so large a portion of their population, reside in a country which affords them the means of subsistence, without obliging them to seek it abroad; and they are, therefore, indisposed to encounter the hardships of a seaman's life; whereas Great Britain is every where surrounded by the ocean; the most inland parts of the island are not very distant from the sea; and, as the productions of the soil would not support a very numerous population, a large proportion of its people are compelled to seek their subsistence by engaging in the fisheries, or in the coasting and foreign trade; and it is from this hardy and enterprising portion of her subjects, that Great Britain derives the means of establishing and maintaining her superiority upon the ocean.

"Now, it is evident that the United States of America, even now, resemble the countries of France and Spain in this particular more than Great Britain; and as their people recede from the ocean, and plant themselves in the valleys beyond the Alleghany mountains, the resemblance will be still greater. By far the greater part of the inhabitants of those distant regions will live and die without ever having placed their feet upon the deck of a ship, and will consequently add nothing to the maritime population of the country: the rich productions of their fertile valleys will find their way to New Orleans, and there provide abundant means of carrying on foreign trade: but the carriers of these productions to the foreign market, will either be foreigners, or natives of the Atlantic states.

"It is to these states, then, that America must look to provide the seamen who are to man her navy; and, among these, New York and New England will stand pre-eminent. The

Southern States of Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, it is true, carry on an extensive foreign trade; but, independent of their being destitute of any very commodious harbours for ships of war of the larger classes, their climate, and the nature of their population, equally unfit them to produce hardy and enterprising mariners. They have few, if any vessels, engaged in the fisheries; and are, therefore, destitute of that first great nursery for seamen.

"The mercantile sea-ports to the southward of the Delaware, will, doubtless, produce a very respectable number of sailors at the commencement of a war; but, as it is notorious that merchants usually navigate their vessels with the smallest possible number of hands, the employment of these men in the navy, in a country where the labouring classes cannot provide substitutes for them, will not only be productive of great inconvenience to the mercantile interest, but will render it difficult, if not impracticable, for the American navy to procure farther recruits from the southern states, after it has made its first sweep from the ships of the merchants; for surely those who are destined to wrest the sovereignty of the sea from Great Britain, will not be selected from the indolent slaves of the southern planter.

"I submit it, then," (continues Mr. H.) "to the consideration of those who will reflect seriously upon this subject, whether the maritime population of the United States of America must not be principally derived from New York and New England. I do not deny, that seamen will frequently be met with from other portions of the union; but I mean to contend that these are the only states in that union who possess a population which, by their habits and pursuits, are calculated to raise America as a naval power. Let us then view their present situation, and consider whether there is much probability of their increasing the means they now possess of adding to the naval strength of their country.

"The states of New York and New England are now old settled countries. The population of the former may become more numerous in the back parts of the country, but an increase in that quarter will add but little to her maritime strength. But New England, and the south-eastern parts of New York, are already so fully peopled, that frequent emigrations take place from them to the inland states. Massachusetts does not, and I believe we may say cannot, raise within herself bread to support her present population; and, therefore, can never expect to increase her numbers very rapidly; while the western territory offers to her youth the tempting prospect of obtaining a livelihood in that rich country upon easier terms than they can procure it within her limits.

"Let it not then be deemed chimerical to say, that America has no immediate prospect of becoming a great naval power.

"If the confederation of these states continue, they will, no doubt, become rich and powerful to a degree that may defy all aggression; but it does not follow, that they will acquire a naval force that will prove formidable to the powers of Europe. Germany has been among the most powerful nations of Europe, and Austria and Hungary now produce valuable articles of export; but these countries, from their geographical situations, cannot produce a maritime population. Other nations have, therefore, become the carriers of their productions, and they have never possessed any power upon the ocean. The inland states

of America are precisely in the same situation; and I close these observations by repeating, first, that the sources of the naval power of America must be principally derived from the states of New York and New England; and, secondly, that there will be no great increase of the maritime population of those states until the western territory is fully peopled. When these fertile valleys are all occupied, and no longer hold out a temptation to the youth of the Atlantic States to remove thither, then they must follow the example of their ancestors in Great Britain; and if the soil of their native country will not yield them a subsistence, they must seek it from the sea which washes its shores. But that day, I think it will be admitted by all, is far distant; ages must elapse before that vast country, through which the Ohio, the Missouri, and the Mississippi roll, will afford no farther room for the enterprising emigrant."

"Such is the argument of Mr. Haliburton; to which I may be permitted to add, that so extensive is the line of sea-coast of our own North-American colonies, and so admirable a nursery do they afford for the rearing of seamen, that I am inclined to believe they would soon prove very powerful competitors with the United States upon the sea, even without the aid of the mother country. Let it be recollected, that they include the shores of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the St. Lawrence, and Newfoundland: that their numerous and commodious harbours are in constant activity from the vessels employed in the fisheries, the timber trade, and in foreign commerce. That the race of men is hardy and vigorous; and that there are few farmers in these coasts who are not capable of conducting their craft to the neighbouring ports. Strong, indeed, must be the provocation that would induce the congress to engage in a war with Great Britain: the growing preponderance of the inland states bids fair to oppose a powerful obstacle to such an occurrence. So little importance did Mr. Jefferson attach to the maritime interests of the United States, that, during his presidency, he went the length of recommending the abandonment of the carrying trade, and urged the policy of remaining at home, and selling the produce of the republic to the foreigners who came in search of it. Though his counsels were rejected, the suggestion is not forgotten, and, as the weight of the inland states increases in the scale, becomes daily more popular.

"Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, the American maritime states persist in the notion that, as their merchant service is nearly as extensive as the British, so they could upon a sudden emergency man a naval armament with equal facility. Than this theory, nothing can be more fallacious. Such is the nature of their trade, that their vessels, which are chiefly worked by foreign seamen, are scattered over the face of the globe, and are not available for immediate and unexpected demands. The government, destitute of the powers of impressment, and thrown upon its pecuniary resources, would be compelled to bid high in the market for hired assistance; and thus intrust to mercenary hands, the protection of her coasts, and the honour of her flag."

Our next extract is of a more amusing sort, and is interesting for the sketches which are thrown in without any of the usual affectations of description.

"Early on the 16th, we left Montreal for La Chine, in two coaches, similar to those I have

described in my journey through the United States. The morning was beautiful and we enjoyed our journey extremely. Our road lay for many miles among cottages, and gardens, and orchards. As we receded from the city, its glittering tin steeples were seen to great advantage through the rich foliage finely relieved in the back ground by the lofty and woody mountain of Montreal. We did not obtain a view of the La Chine Rapids, as the road cuts off the angle of the river which contains them.

'At the village of La Chine we embarked in a small steam-boat, and proceeded to the Cascades, a village twenty four miles from Montreal, which derives its name from the neighbouring rapids. It is small, and is situated on the North or English shore of the St. Lawrence. During this part of the route, the scenery is not remarkable. The country is low, but in a state of high cultivation.

'We here left the steam-boat, and proceeded in stage-coaches. Our road now ran along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and we were both astonished and delighted by our first view of the Rapids. The river, which is in most parts from one to two miles in breadth, here became like one tremendous sheet of foam, and suggested to me the idea of a furious current opposed by a hurricane. The thundering torrent finely contrasted with the quiet stillness of the lonely islands, now covered with their autumnal verdure, and which for ever "breast the lofty surge," inaccessible to the foot of man. The cause of this phenomenon suggests itself at once. Wherever the course of the river is obstructed, either by islands, shallows, or rocks, it discharges its waters below with the awful and resistless violence which I have attempted to describe. We anxiously looked for some bateaux, in order that we might see them descend: but, on this occasion, our expectations were disappointed.

'We proceeded thus to Cortaux du Lac, a distance of sixteen miles, where we again embarked for Cornwall. A thick fog prevented our seeing much of lake St. Francis, and we arrived about eleven at night at the place of our destination. Here we found stages awaiting us. The cold during the night was intense, but we determined to proceed, and the next morning, at six, found ourselves at Williamsburg, where we had the pleasure of sitting down to an excellent breakfast, and recruited our spirits, which were somewhat depressed by the miserable night we had passed betwixt the clatter of the steam-boat and the jolting of the coach.

'Williamsburg is, I believe, a township; and if the map is worthy of credit, a town; but we could see nothing around us but the inn and a few scattered cottages separated from each other by intervals of nearly half a mile. After breakfast, we again proceeded, following the course of the St. Lawrence, till we arrived at Prescott, at ten in the morning. Here we found the steam-boat which was to convey us to Kingston on Lake Ontario. It was widely different from those in which we recently journeyed, being handsomely and comfortably fitted up. At this spot, the scenery assumes a more interesting character; and, as we approached the little village of Brockville, the woody islands and rich banks of the river, whose enormous breadth continues undiminished, formed a varied and delightful landscape.

'We landed at this village, which has a church, wharfs, and every appearance of prosperity; though only ten years ago the forest tree reigned the undisturbed possessor of the

soil: with such rapid strides has civilization invaded the solitude of the wilderness! If such has been the growth of Brockville in so short a period, what she may be ten years hence who can say? Let it be remembered, however, in our speculations, that we were now in the country into which the superabundant population of Europe and America is pouring; and that such an extraordinary infusion of industry and vigour, must naturally produce uncommon and unlooked-for results.

'In half an hour we again proceeded on our journey, and were fortunate in the state of the weather. The softness of a charming autumnal evening enhanced our enjoyment of the beauties of "The Lake of the Thousand Islands." It bears this name, but there are, in reality, according to the latest surveys, 1700. The shores of these islands are very bold, and the steam-boat, shooting in and out among them, continually shifted the interesting scene. Though exhibiting an endless variety of shape and size, they are all remarkable for the richness of their verdure.

'The whole extent of the lake is never visible; the prospect being bounded by the islands which immediately surround you.

'In the evening, as we passed an opening, we came in sight of a new settlement on the American shore. Five or six log huts formed the only habitations of the infant colony. The thick wood was cut down in its immediate vicinity, and a few wretched-looking individuals were assembled around the blaze of a fire which burned in the centre. Never did I contemplate so dreary and hopeless a picture, nor a scene of such desolation: but even this place is already named Alexandria: and bids fair, in a short time, to become a prosperous village: nor is it by any means improbable, so excellent is its situation, that it may in a few years possibly rival in size the city from which it derives its name.

'As the sun set below the islands, the full moon rose in all her beauty. The light evening breeze had subsided into a calm; not a breath of air ruffled the glassy surface of the waters. Impressed with the solemnity of the scene, I could not refrain from wishing that here at least nature might be permitted to reign unmolested; but the solitary watch-fires of the recent settlers, gave sufficient proof that though his tenure was as yet but frail, man! rapacious and indefatigable man! was fast establishing his usurpation.'

The following contains some curious particulars respecting the falls of Niagara.

'At half past eleven at night we left York for the town of Newark, which is at the mouth of the river Niagara, and is sixteen miles from the falls. On rising the next morning (the 20th) we found that we had arrived at the wharf, which is a mile from the town. As we had determined to proceed to Queenton, about five miles up the river, in the steam-boat, instead of the coach, I had only just time to walk up to the rising ground above the wharf, where I found myself among the ruins of old Fort George, which had been destroyed by the Americans in the last war, and in one of the bastions of which General Brock was originally buried. From this height I had a fine view of the mouth of the river (which appeared to be about two miles in breadth), and of Fort Niagara on the opposite shore, which is the key of that part of the country, and has been the scene of so many conflicts. The land in its vicinity is low, and does not at all prepare the spectator

for the bold scenery of the falls, which are only fifteen miles distant.

'As we proceeded upwards against the rapid current, at a slow rate, we were delighted to see the banks of the river assume a bolder and more rugged character. Our observation was about this time attracted by the singular appearance of a white cloud, the only one in the heavens, which seemed to hang motionless on the western horizon. What was our astonishment to learn that it was formed by the spray of the cataract.

'In the vicinity of Queenston, which is a small town, the face of the country suddenly alters and rises into those abrupt and elevated ridges supposed by many to have been formed in remote ages. Our party, upon the whole, were inclined to attach some credit to the theory of the gradual retrocession of the falls, and to conclude, from the peculiar character of the ground, that the river once poured its waters over the heights of Queenston. The country adjacent to the river is perfectly flat.

'The town of Lewiston is situated opposite to Queenston, on the American side; for the river Niagara forms one of the boundary lines of the British dominions. These towns communicate by means of a ferry. The width of the river is only half a mile, but the stream is so rapid that it requires a considerable time to cross, the boat having to follow the course of an eddy for nearly three quarters of a mile before it can venture upon the main current.

'On landing we found coaches ready to convey us to the falls, which were now eight miles distant; but, learning that the whirlpool might be seen by a slight deviation from our course, we determined to visit it first. We accordingly left the main route and entered the wood which separates it from the river. At a short distance from the spot we alighted, and, guided by the roar of the waters, we found our way to this mighty vortex, though nothing was visible till we arrived upon its very brink. We then looked down from a height of three hundred feet into a terrific gulph, where the river, precipitated through a deep ravine, rushes round in majestic curls, and at length, finding an outlet through another chasm, with a tumultuous uproar, plunges into the recesses of the wood, nor ceases for many a mile its sullen murmur at the rude interruption to its course.

'Nothing in nature can be more awful than this scene: it was with difficulty we could convince ourselves that we gazed upon reality; no painful sensation ever experienced in a hideous dream, could equal that which we felt upon first looking down into the deep and dark abyss which yawned below; so perpendicular in many parts, are the sides of the precipice, that a stone may be dropped from the brink into the pool. Huge trunks of trees are constantly seen tossing to and fro in the giddy vortex, and writhing, as though tormented by its eddies.

'It is recorded, that in the last war, fifty Indians, flying through the night, were deceived by the darkness, and precipitated over the bank into the abyss. One alone, whose fall had miraculously been intercepted by the boughs of a projecting cedar, survived to tell the dreadful tale.

We take our leave of Mr. De Roos with many thanks for his amusing volume. Should he again get leave of absence, we should be happy to find him repeating his excursion and his literary labours.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, with a Preliminary View of the French Revolution.
By the AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY. 9 vols.
8vo. London, 1827. Longman and Co.

INVENTOR of a new species of literature, which, from its commencement, he carried to the highest degree of perfection; having exhausted all the fictions of historical romance, to which he had opened paths heretofore unknown; and satiated with the praises heaped upon him by both hemispheres, Sir Walter Scott imagined that the time had arrived for him to aim at a new glory—a glory more solid, more durable, more useful, than that which he had hitherto acquired; and the most fertile and ingenious of moral writers, constituted himself the historian of the most extraordinary man which modern ages had produced. Will the reputation of Sir Walter Scott derive new lustre from this new enterprise? Does the author of Waverley possess powers sufficiently strong, sufficiently varied, to paint the conqueror of Europe—the oppressor of France? Can he be sufficiently just towards this inveterate enemy of England? Can he be inflexibly equitable towards the ambitious despot, who, beginning his career with the language of Brutus, yet brought to the throne the ideas of Tarquin and Octavius. In the midst of the various judgments formed upon this extraordinary man, whom, in the days of his prosperity, both kings and priests saluted by the pompous titles of eldest son of the church, restorer of the true faith, conqueror of anarchy, Cæsar, and emperor; and whom, after his reverses, they overwhelmed with maledictions and outrages;—can Sir Walter Scott preserve the impartiality of the historian? Will he be able to trace the marvellous career of this orphan of Brienne, this simple officer of artillery, who, born without fortune, raised himself, by his victories, on the ruins of the monarchy and the republic, saw his standards float on the citadels of the proudest cities of Europe, and yet died on a solitary rock in exile and captivity. Whilst condemning his insatiable ambition, will he tell us of the benefits which this very ambition conferred upon Europe, and, if electrified by the daring feats of Napoleon, he celebrates his warlike qualities, will he equally describe his public worth, his vices, and his private virtues? Soldier and general, conqueror and legislator, shunning indulgence, supporting with ease the greatest privations, an enterprising organizer, ambitious; equally indefatigable and active in peace or in war; knowing how to obtain the love of the people, by declamations upon liberty, and the affections of his troops by the charms of rewards and of glory; simple in his person, yet magnificent and pompous in his court; despising religion, which he made subservient to his policy; affecting a love of liberty, and reigning by despotism; modest after victory, but sometimes irresolute after a defeat; ever a good father and tender husband; such was Napoleon,—a man who may be truly styled gigantic, who, having risen from obscurity to the highest rank, dared to aim at universal dominion, and would, perhaps, have obtained it, had he not attacked the rights of the

people by his political institutions, and the independence of states by war, and thus incurred the hatred of France, opposed the interests and opinions of mankind in general, and excited the enmity of every one.

Can the pen which sketched so exquisitely the portraits of Cromwell and Louis XI. delineate, with equal fidelity, the conqueror of Marengo, the assassin of the Duc d'Enghein, the captive of St. Helena? Will the French revolution, of which Napoleon constituted himself sole heir, meet with the impartiality which it demands, from a tory writer? Will he view this great event as we do, in the light of a terrible lesson, which the Almighty gave to all the despots of the earth,—a drama the most imposing, the most instructive, alike fertile in frightful crimes and heroic actions, in numberless excesses and immense blessings?

He who condemns the exaggeration of Burke, will he avoid the same fault? Shall we cease to recognize in the French revolution merely the crimes of the Jacobins and the sans-culottes, the massacres of September and the sanguinary executions of La Place and Louis XV.? Highly favourable will it be to Sir Walter Scott, if, divesting himself of all national prejudices and party feeling, he has known how to judge Napoleon, how to appreciate and to describe the causes, character, and results of that revolution, so horribly disfigured, as he himself avows, by the speeches of the partisans of despotism and the falsehoods of the emigrants:—

“It followed, as a matter of course,” said he, “that the Whigs of Britain looked with complacency, the Tories with jealousy, upon the progress of the new principles in France; but the latter had an unexpected and powerful auxiliary in the person of Edmund Burke, whose celebrated reflections on the French revolution had the most striking effects on the public mind, of any work in our time. There was something exaggerated at all times in the character as well as the eloquence of that great man; and upon reading, at this distance of time, his celebrated compositions, it must be confessed, that the colours he has used in painting the extravagancies of the revolution to have been softened, by considering the peculiar state of a country, which, long labouring under despotism, is suddenly restored to the possession of unembarrassed license.”

We shall see whether Sir Walter Scott has always kept in mind the precepts he here announces, and whether, more impartial than the anti-Orleanist Rivarol, the emigrant Lepelletier, the Vendean Laroche Jaquelin, the royalist Lacretelle, and twenty others, who have written upon the revolution, he has traced the events of that period with the candour and good faith which the following passage gives promise of:—

“It is necessary for the execution of our plan, that we should review the period of the French revolution, the most important, perhaps, during its currency, and in its consequences, which the annals of mankind afford; and although the very title is sufficient to awaken in most bosoms either horror or admiration, yet, neither insensible of the blessings of national liberty, nor of those which flow from the protection of just laws, and a moderate but firm executive government, we may, perhaps, be en-

abled to trace its events with the candour of one who, looking back on past scenes, feels divested of the keen and angry spirit with which, in common with his contemporaries, he may have judged them while they were yet in progress.”

The picture which Sir Walter Scott draws of the state of France under the *ancien régime*, agrees with that of the best historians. After the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the furies of the religious wars which followed, this kingdom evidently retrograded: despotism, intolerance, and corruption, were openly preached by priests, nobles, and princes. Louis XIV., after having ruined France by his senseless wars, presented, in his old age, the disgusting spectacle of a king insulting public morals by his shameful gallantry, and religion by the frivolous ceremonies of a puerile bigotry. ‘Under him,’ to make use of the expressions of the virtuous Fenelon, ‘France existed but by miracle; it was an old rickety machine, which was kept in motion only from its original impulse, and which the first shock would break to pieces.’ To this despotic government succeeded the regency—an epoch of degradation and immorality; and the reign of Louis XV. was neither less degrading to the royal dignity, nor less fatal to the prosperity of France. To this period belongs that frivolous and immoral literature, of which Sir Walter Scott draws the following picture, a picture in some degree reprehensible, as including, in the same anathema, the writings both of the false and the true philosophers—those philosophers, of whom Malesherbes said, ‘that, under their direction, human reason had perfected itself, and humanity had resumed its rights, and driven from all hearts the remains of barbarism,’—but which is yet extremely applicable to the infamous productions of those courtly abbés and fashionable courtiers, such as the Canon Grecour, the Cardinal de Bernis, the Chevalier de Boufflers, the Abbé de Vaise-non, the Marquis de Champrenetz, who infected the capital and the provinces with their licentious productions:—

‘A strain of voluptuous and seducing immorality,’ says Sir Walter, ‘pervaded not only the lighter and gayer compositions of the French, but tinged the writings of those who called the world to admire them as poets of the highest mood, or to listen to them as to philosophers of the most lofty pretensions.’

‘This license, with the corruption of morals of which it is both the sign and the cause, leads directly to feelings the most inconsistent with manly and virtuous patriotism. Voluptuousness, and its consequences, render the libertine incapable of relish for what is simply and abstractedly beautiful and sublime, whether in literature or in the arts, and destroy the taste, while they degrade and blunt the understanding. But, above all, such libertinism leads to the exclusive pursuit of selfish gratification, for egotism is its foundation and its essence. Egotism is necessarily the very reverse of patriotism, since the one principle is founded exclusively upon the individual’s pursuit of his own peculiar objects of pleasure or advantage, while the other demands a sacrifice, not only of these individual pursuits, but of fortune and life itself, to the cause of the public weal. Patriotism has, accordingly, always been found

to flourish in that state of society, which is most favourable to the stern and manly virtues of self-denial, temperance, chastity, contempt of luxury, patient exertion, and elevated contemplation; and the public spirit of a nation has invariably borne a just proportion to its private morals. Religion cannot exist where immorality generally prevails, any more than a light can burn when the air is corrupted; and, accordingly, infidelity was so general in France, as to predominate in almost every rank of society. Unhappily, blinded by self-conceit, heated with the ardour of controversy, gratifying their literary pride by becoming members of a league in which kings and princes were included, and procuring followers by flattering the vanity of some, and stimulating the cupidity of others, the men of the most distinguished parts in France became allied in a sort of anti-crusade against Christianity, and indeed against religious principles of every kind."

The relaxation of morals, the egotism and irreligion here described by Sir Walter Scott, doubtless, fomented the excesses of the revolution, but were not the original cause of them. The real cause, as the author remarks in another passage, was the disordered state of the finances; and, we will add, impatience of that tyranny which the nation had so long experienced. Under the ancient *régime*, the parliaments were dissolved whenever they opposed the king's wishes. Louis XIV. used to go in his hunting dress to parliament, and, whip in hand, enforce the registration of those edicts against which any remonstrance had been made. Under the *ancien régime*, the good pleasure of the monarch was the law of the state, and *lettres de cachet* instruments of government. In the reign of Louis XV. alone, there were one hundred and fifty thousand of them issued. 'The lieutenant of police, Sartine,' says the Abbé Montgaillard, in his History of the French Revolution, 'had in reserve a collection of *lettres-de-cachet*, in blank, which he gave to such of the nobility as required them.'

On the accession of Louis XVI., France presented the mournful spectacle of greedy, frivolous, and insubordinate courtiers; a corrupt and intolerant clergy, jealous of their privileges; an ambitious parliament obstinately opposed to the royal authority; and a rich minority yielding to the most unbounded luxury and extravagance, whilst an immense majority of the nation was a prey to the most horrible distress and misery. The government was without power, the nobility and clergy were despised, and the mass of the people possessed, as Sir W. Scott observes, neither 'liberty nor property,' and, excited by the example of the United States, waited only for a favourable moment to snatch, by force, that redress which they found it impossible to obtain by remonstrance.

Louis XVI. began his reign by several acts of benevolence and of enlightened philanthropy, he manifested pure and upright intentions—but to check the course of public feeling something beyond intention was required, and Louis was deficient in that steadfastness of purpose so essential in a sovereign, more especially in times of trouble, and in the bosom of a monarchy possessing no legally recognized constitution. Though en-

dowed with a good judgment, he was incapable of conducting himself. His wife, young, handsome, active, and ambitious, obtained an ascendancy over him which Sir Walter deploras, and which, more than once, neutralized the good intentions of her weak and unfortunate husband. She it was who caused the dismissal of Necker, the favourite minister of the nation, and had him replaced by the speculator Calonne; his prodigality increased the difficulties of the state, and made it necessary to have a convocation of the notables, who, alarmed at the disordered state of the finance, immediately dismissed Calonne. Brienne succeeded him, but his usurpation of authority having caused insurrections, both in the parliament and among the people, there was no way of appeasing the nation, but by recalling Necker and convoking the states-general. It is not, as Sir Walter Scott would assert, to this latter event that we are to attribute the commencement of the French revolution, for, as Mignet well observes, it must be dated from the nomination of Calonne: though the neglect of all reform, and the increase of abuses, doubtless, hastened its approach and augmented its fury.

The convocation of the states-general restored to Louis XVI. all his popularity, and this prince might then easily have framed that constitution which the majority of his subjects desired. But, alike accessible to good or bad advice, too weak to prevent the revolution, and without foresight to direct its course, he was ruined by his hesitation, his retrograde proceedings, and his half-measures; one excuse being ever succeeded by another, without his deriving either credit or advantage from the sacrifices which he really made. It is, therefore, *mal-à-propos* in Sir Walter Scott, to observe, that, 'a simple, virtuous, and religious people, would have rested content with such alterations in the constitution of their government, as might remove the evils of which they had just and pressing reason to complain;' for the French (though we do not pretend to designate them a simple, virtuous, and religious people,) never did obtain, with the free consent of the court, that reformation of abuses for which they solicited; the reform that took place was extorted by fear, and as soon as the danger was past, they were threatened anew, and were compelled to combat incessantly for the maintenance of their rights. Consequently, when once launched into the vortex of the revolution, if the people did permit their victories to be sullied by terrible crimes, yet is it just to make them alone responsible, and to excuse entirely those who made the struggle inevitable. We shall, in our next article, enable our readers to form an unbiased opinion on this subject.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.—VICTIMS OF PERSECUTION.

PANDOLFO COLLENUCCIO.

THE history of literature has ever been stained with the blood of victims by the craft and wickedness of the powerful. Socrates drank hemlock, as a reward for having inspired the Athenian youth with the most sacred princi-

ples of morality, and for having opposed the delirium of those who had mystified philosophy with extravagances and empty abstractions. The fate of Socrates has been re-acted in after ages under the most execrable forms, as if to convince mankind that talent is madness and probity a crime, unless prostituted to the predominancy of ignorance and iniquity. A slight sketch of the tragical fate of one of the greatest men of Italy is here presented, from among the many episodes that disgrace the civil history of nations.

Pandolph Collenuccio was born at Pesaro, a city of Romagna, and flourished towards the end of the fifteenth century. An ardent passion for study, and an unimpeachable character of virtue and social independence early rendered him revered and celebrated. Deeply versed in Greek and Latin literature, and an acute inquirer into the secret treasures of history, he was the first who collected the recondite memoirs of the venerable Etruscan teachers of civilization in the remote periods of the known world; and who, developing the memorable facts of German history, gave a powerful impulse to the splendid cohort of German archeologists, who afterwards illustrated the annals of their country. Indignant that Leoniceo, violating, as it were, the sanctity of the tomb, should have dared to debase the merit and darken the fame of the elder Pliny, he armed himself to defend that great naturalist; and his learned apology acquired him the reputation of a man of integrity and high literary talent. Excited by the beauties of that illustrious historian of nature, he was the first who founded in Europe a museum of natural curiosities, that might place before the eyes of youth some portion of the innumerable wonders that are scattered over the face of the earth. To excite his contemporaries to study the Greek and Latin authors, whom he considered as the fountains of knowledge and of taste, and whom he beheld neglected and forgotten by many, he wrote dialogues in the simple and majestic manner of the ancients; and Italy may boast in him another Lucian. He then translated Plautus to reclaim comedy to the proper laws established by the sovereign masters of the art, and planned a well ordered history of the kingdom of Naples, which should supersede the dry and naked style of the early chroniclers, and direct attention to the brilliant models of Thucydides and Livy. This last work he published in Italian, though Vossio erroneously states that it was in Latin.

The territory of Pesaro was at that time under the dominion of Constanzo Sforza, who, enamoured of Collenuccio's talent, and admiring his virtues and ability in the management of affairs, had raised him to high estate and made him his vicar-general in the government of the city. This prince died, leaving an only son, named John, but of illegitimate birth; for which reason Sixtus the Fourth refused to invest him with the duchy. Collenuccio was therefore deputed to Rome, to soften the severity of the pontiff, and change his resolve. This celebrated philosopher, mindful of what he owed to the deceased Constanzo, employed such art and efficacy of reasoning to accomplish the desires

of John, that he was finally acknowledged, according to the usual forms, Duke of Pesaro. It was impossible but that the merit of Collenuccio, the reputation he had acquired in all the courts of Italy, and above all his noble character, should, soon or late, kindle against him the hatred of those who know no means of rising but through the corruption of their morals and the baseness of their conduct. Cringing courtiers detested, and Sforza himself seemed annoyed by him; for bad princes never pardon those who have rendered them great services; but, as if suspecting the private citizen, who had been powerful enough to raise them to the throne, might also easily hurl them thence, return the obligation by resentment. A civil process that came before the tribunals, between Collenuccio and one Julius Varano, served as a ready pretext for the rage of his enemies. Construing a question of pecuniary interest into an affair of state, Sforza took the cause into his own hand, and with an injustice that has scarcely a parallel in history, threw Collenuccio into the depths of a prison, despoiled him of all his property, and after six months of torment sent him into exile.

Reason is perplexed at the sight of an atrocious act, that needs no commentary. Collenuccio showed himself superior to his misfortunes, and descended to no dishonourable act to mitigate them. But how could he repress his grief at being driven from the country which had nursed his childhood, and to whose good he had devoted his life? Reduced to misery, and followed by an affectionate wife and seven children, he wandered a wretched fugitive throughout Italy and Germany in quest of a precarious hospitality. But the high reputation that had preceded him, obtained for him, after long suffering, an asylum in other states. The princes of Este, in Ferrara, and the Marquisesse Gonzaga, at Mantova, emulously invited him, and honoured him with their esteem and confidence. He was successively employed in various embassies and important public negotiations: and he always conducted himself with the dignity of a philosopher and the integrity of an honest man.

Alexander the Sixth, of execrable memory, ascended the pontifical throne; and it was his first care to place his son Caesar Borgia in the Duchy of Pesaro, infamously expelling Sforza. Borgia was one of the most wicked men then existing in Italy: but Sforza had rendered himself so odious to the people, that Borgia was received in his place with universal joy: nor were the hopes he excited disappointed by them; for, tired perhaps of crime, he governed with justice and moderation. How terrible the state of this enslaved people, who were compelled to praise a prince, not because he was virtuous, but because he was less blood-thirsty than another! Collenuccio, seeing his country governed by another family, hoped to return; and upon a representation, he was recalled and reinstated in all his property.

But the fortune of Borgia was transient: he fell upon the death of the pontiff, his father; and Sforza, breathing revenge and blood, re-acquired the dominion of Pesaro.

Collenuccio, foreseeing the tyrants rage, had already retired to another country; and many powerful Italian princes wrote warm intercessions in his favour. Sforza, enraged at the flight of his principal victim, whom he could not forgive for having been the favourite of his enemy, assumed the mask of hypocrisy, in order the better to secure his prey: and pretending to bury the past in oblivion, declared to the princes that Collenuccio might freely return to his country; and wrote to him in his own hand, calling him his *friend*, and protesting that he felt esteem and gratitude towards him, for having obtained him the crown in the time of Sixtus the Fourth.

The infantile simplicity of great men has become proverbial: Collenuccio fell into the snare. Sforza no sooner got him into his power, than, trampling upon the faith he had promised to the princes, and upon the sacred name of *friend*, which, with equal baseness and perfidy, he had given to a subject only to destroy him, he threw him into a dungeon; and without examination or judgment, or hearing his exculpation, commanded him instantly to be put to death. Collenuccio heard the infamous sentence with that cool tranquillity which is the attribute of noble minds: he neither replied, nor was discomposed, but, turning to his gaoler, asked, for writing materials. It may be thought, perhaps, that he wrote a defence, an expostulation, or protest, against so atrocious an assassination. But no: he wrote a *hymn to death*. Oh, noble enthusiasm of a conscience unstained by guilt! Thou inspirest alone the wretched and forlorn; and flying from the ostentatious dwellings where the glitter of pride and power but conceal the stains of blood, descendest only to illumine the eyes that else would flow with tears!

Socrates, prior to drinking the fatal cup, diverted himself among his friends, embraced his children, and smiled at the prospect of ethereal regions of immortality. Collenuccio, alone, abandoned and deprived of the consolation of a last adieu to the dear objects of his affections, invoked the destroyer, despoiled him of all his terrors, extolled his advantages, and sprung with giant stride alive into the bosom of infinity. Depth of thought, majesty of imagery, force of expression, and the gloomy shadowing of the tomb, gleam in these verses: the last strains of a philosopher doomed to finish his days beneath the stroke of the executioner, without even the semblance of a crime, Collenuccio was secretly strangled in prison; because it seems to have been feared that a public execution might excite a popular commotion. He was bewailed, and will ever be so, by all who have feelings of honour and humanity. Ficino, Giraldo, Commeno, Moreri, Poliziano, Fabricio, and many others, have written splendid eulogies on the extent of his talents, the integrity of his conduct, and the nobleness of his character; and his works which remain to us breathe throughout the love of virtue and of truth, and justify the favourable opinion of these great men.

Alliance of Music, Poetry, and Oratory. (Concluded from p. 395.)

Of modulation and harmony, it is observed, that 'single sounds, as being unconnected with any other, afford no sense in language, nor tune and delight in music: to effect this, they must proceed in a certain mode and regular succession, called modulation, or melody, and in proportionate combinations, which constitute harmony.'

Sounds (as intimated before) are consonant or dissonant; that is, pleasing or disgusting.

Dissonant, are those of disproportion, tremulous, shrill, jarring, rough, hoarse, too loud, or out of tune; and those which are consonant, must, on the contrary, be steady, smooth, and proportionate.

If the single sounds be not agreeable to the ear, it is impossible they should be so, either in melody or harmony; this may be admitted as a musical maxim.

Concerning the production and formation of agreeable sounds, our author remarks, that—

'Instrumental sounds and tones are propagated principally two ways, either by the vibration of strings and wires, of different dimensions and tensions, that is, drawn up to a certain pitch, or by conveyance of air through tubes and pipes of different sizes, lengths, and apertures: vocal sounds are produced both these ways. For the lungs being inflated with air, communicate it by pressure to the wind-pipe; an artery, or muscle, consisting of nerves, and tubes, at the top of this, the *larynx*, by dilatation, contraction, and pulsation, plays, as it were, and forms the sounds, which being transmitted through the mouth, are shaped by the lips.

'Galen, contemplating on the final causes of parts and members in the human body, discovered the wisdom of the creator in the form of the hand, with the fingers shorter one than the other, curiously contrived, by the pressure of the thumb on the back of them, for gripping and holding fast: had the observation occurred to him as a musician, as well as an anatomist, he would certainly have admired the eminent design and use of the lips, in speech and singing.'

In writing on the conjunction of voices and instruments, Dr. Bailey observes,—

'As in preserving unity of tone, consists the excellence of a single voice and instrument, so in the agreement of many voices and instruments consists the pleasure of concert. Correspondence of tone, and expressing words together.

'Perfection in tune, and exactness of time, produce that consonancy in music, which fills the ear with sweetness, and expands the soul with delight, either in a single air, or in parts; as on the contrary, nothing is more disgusting than when this consonancy is broken by disproportionate sounds, in voices and instruments, even though they be exact in time and tune.

'What gall is to the taste, and distortion to the eye, that is divers tones to the ear, in a single voice or instrument, or in many voices and instruments louder than each other, going before, dropping in, or holding out after each other, in the least degree whatever.'

Our author is very philosophical, as well as interesting, upon the common chords in music:—

'If we would know the Creator, admire his wisdom and power, and love him for his goodness, we must search deeply into his works, the divers forms and qualities of beings numberless and infinite, from matter, perhaps, homogeneous.'

'It is a curious and pleasing experiment, that of striking a single key on the harpsichord, in the bass, or a string on the violoncello, the ear held close to the instrument, perceives the undulation to pass off, evidently and distinctly, in the common chords of 3rd, 5th, and 8th. This distinction, or plurality and unity, runs through all nature.'

'In public dramatic exhibitions, and in private concerts, the generality of auditors like to be amused without being instructed; expecting merely to be entertained, and abstracted from themselves, with light airs, set to trifling words: they feel no emotion of sedate pleasure, resulting from the fulness, gravity, and expression of sacred music; but the few who wish to be improved with sentiments, are best pleased with compositions which elevate, by excitement of the nobler passions and divine feelings, such as courage, pity, friendship, and devotion.'

In the second part of the treatise, is a disquisition on the ornaments in singing, from which the following is an extract:—

'Many a scholar hath been spoilt by injudicious instruction in music, as well as in other branches of erudition.'

'The ornaments are the swell, striking the notes plain, taking breath; and the graces are the glide, dragging, appoggiatura, aspiration, slur, turn, shake, shake and turn, division.'

'The first ornament is the art of putting forth the voice in the manner of the swell, called by the Italians *messa di voce*. This is formed by giving strength to the voice, gradually from *piano* soft to *forte* loud, and returning to *piano* steadily, without shaking, quaking, quivering, or trembling.'

'Some have not unaptly likened this progression of the voice to the shape of a barley corn, or to any spheroidal figure pointed at the poles, that is at the ends, and broad at the equator, that is at the middle.'

'A good *messa di voce*, used sparingly, and only upon the open vowels, can never fail of exquisite effect, from the human voice, as well as from the throat of the nightingale.'

'A smooth, easy, and even delivery of the voice is one of the greatest excellencies in singing, and must, therefore, be carefully studied, preparatory to the next ornament—the manner of putting the voice on the notes.'

'Every note, especially semibreves and minims, should be struck plain and firm, like one who walks and marches well, with his foot set on the ground and lifted up smoothly, without any shuffling or stamping.'

'The art of taking breath and supporting the voice, after the manner which the Italians call *sostenuto di voce*, will prevent two common faults, to which beginners are liable, that of relaxing the voice into a fluttering, tremulous motion; and that of not passing readily and smoothly from note to note, after the practice of those who have no command of the voice, and who sing in a bad taste.'

'There can be no command of the voice, either in public speaking or singing, without a perfect command of the breath, which, therefore, should be gained by learning to draw up the breath quick, and without any noise, fully into the chest and lungs, after the manner of

holding the breath in the action of inspiration, and letting as little expire at a time as possible; sufficient breath should always be taken before holding notes, a division, and a cadence.'

'To acquire a long breath and to strengthen the lungs, there is no better method than that of running often up some ascent, or using muscular exercise, especially in a morning, leisurely at first, and accelerating the motion near the top, without suffering the lungs to play quick, in the manner called panting, either during the exercise or after its cessation.'

'Next to this exercise, is temperance, particularly in the use of malt liquors, and avoiding all occasions of extreme heat and cold, especially of sudden cooling, either by cessation of all motion or by drinking cold liquids; which instantaneously checking, and, as it were, congealing the boiling fluids in an over-heated body, bring on hoarseness, coughs, and other impediments of singing and of health. Under the due management of the voice and breath, moderate singing is rather beneficial than hurtful, even to tender constitutions.'

'Let the master in every practise use the scholar to sing *standing* and with his head erect, that the voice may have all its organization free; and in a graceful posture, void of all tricks, such as leaning, twisting, or waving the head and body, knitting the brows, distorting the mouth, shaking the jaw, or staring with the eyes. For this purpose, it is advisable to sing before a glass.'

ORIGINAL.

MR. LOUGH.

To the Editor of The Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—Your correspondent, on the subject of Mr. Lough's statue of Milo is rather inconsistent on some points, and misinformed on others; but his criticisms are not ill-natured, and, perhaps, he will allow me, in the spirit of good humour, to correct a few inaccuracies which he and other writers have fallen into, on the subject of this young artist.

I have said that he is inconsistent on some points:—First, he says he 'went to Mr. Lough's lodging to view his works, and was surprized and delighted with the display of his talent:—that he is a young artist of great and promising talent no man of understanding will honestly deny:' yet he speaks of the exhibition of the Milo and Sampson 'as the mighty scheme of a panorama manufactory,' and adds, that 'John Bull, greedy as he may be in swallowing such sights, is not always in the temper to be *hoaxed* on serious matters of taste.'—I cannot reconcile this contradiction, nor do I think you will justify the coarse appellation of a '*hoax*,' which he bestows on an exhibition that could alone enable the artist to have his works submitted to public criticism, when he had been too late for the exhibition at the Royal Academy.

Second, he says 'natural good taste, a just eye, and an obedient hand, were all that were wanting, to make progress, as a modeller in clay.' (By the way—if this be true, how is it that so few fine 'modellers in clay' have appeared in Europe since the time of Michel Angelo?)—but he afterwards says, 'I do not wish to depreciate the merit of the art; on the contrary, I am aware, that, to become a distinguished sculptor, requires an extent of

genius and science, which yields not to that demanded by the professor of any existing art.'

So much, sir, for the inconsistencies, as they appear to me, of your correspondent. His candour, perhaps, will allow me to advert to his misconception of Mr. Lough having magnified the difficulties under which he has produced the statues of Milo and Sampson. I can assure him, from personal knowledge, that no one more sincerely laments the injudicious zeal of those few friends who have represented him as a *self-taught* artist, than Mr. Lough himself. He estimates the art which he practises too highly, and has had too much reason to know its difficulties, to sanction such a report: and I have heard him express his anxious entreaties to the least discreet of his early friends, from whom the idea of his being '*self-taught*' first originated,—that he would abstain from this and other injudicious assertions to which your correspondent alludes.

Mr. Lough has a far more elevated ambition than to be 'a nine day's wonder:' and if he assumes any merit to himself, (though no one can bear his honours more modestly,) it is, that, under circumstances of great privation and difficulty, he worked early and late in improving his talents, and neglected no opportunity of availing himself of such advantages as presented themselves.

He is '*self-taught*' only so far as not to have had any master; but he has followed the great mistress of all art—Nature; and the public will find, before another year has expired, that he has not neglected to superadd those high conceptions, and that classical taste which poetry and the ancient productions of his great predecessors in sculpture are so eminently calculated to inspire.

And now, sir, one word to contemporary artists. Let them follow the example of the professor of sculpture, Mr. Westmacott, whose judicious praise and kind protection of Mr. Lough do the greatest honour to his own heart, and have made a deep impression on that of the young aspirant. The English school of sculpture has long been respectable; the public have most liberally encouraged and rewarded the talents of those whose reputation is established—they can have nothing to complain of. A new era opens to British art—at least, such is my humble opinion, after having had an opportunity of seeing the progress of the statue of Milo and the group of Samson, and of observing the resources of Mr. Lough's mind as an artist, and his qualities as an amiable and estimable man. Those sculptors who have a real love for their profession, will rather rejoice that the character of the country should be elevated, than repine at the success of a rival in so honourable a career. One thing is certain, that the public loves a generous and liberal spirit wherever it is exemplified, and will respect those artists who know how to encourage rising talent, and who scorn the unworthy sentiment of jealousy. I am, sir,

BUONAROTTI.

THE EXILE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF
M. FREDERIC DEGEORGE.

CREATIVE spring now decks the verdant plain,
Each orchard slope is gay with opening bloom;
The tender dove now seeks her mate again;
But I—still warm in youth, seek but the tomb.
Awakening nature dons her bright array;
Her children hymn the morn in chorus deep;
Soft o'er my head the rocking zephyrs play;
And I—prepare me for eternal sleep.
The fields breathe perfume—pleasure gently gay
Cheers every heart, and brightens every smile;
No bird but thrills his grateful ecstasy;
And I—thus chant my funeral dirge the while.
The early sun smiles on the glowing earth,
Like a mother on her new born-child;
It shines on the dear roof that saw my birth,
And on the shore where I must die exiled.
Soon—soon will come my woes, my wants, my pains—
Soon from the tyrant's axe I shall be free—
Forbade to see my own loved home again,
Death has no terrors left to startle me.
Hail! native fields—beloved France, all hail!
And thou, my mother! take my last farewell;
Nor e'en in death his destiny bewail,
Who struggling for his country's freedom fell. F. T.

FINE ARTS.

THE directors of the British Institution have presented the fine picture of *Christ Crowned with Thorns*, (which they purchased of Mr. Hilton last year, for the sum of one thousand guineas,) to St. Paul's Church, recently erected on the Grosvenor estate at Pimlico. This splendid painting was exhibited in the British Gallery in the spring of 1826.

A mistake has been current connected with this munificent act of the directors. It has been said that the picture now exhibiting at the Royal Academy, *The Crucifixion*, by this artist, has been purchased by the same distinguished body, and presented to the aforementioned church. The Crucifixion, however, was painted for the corporation of Liverpool, for the purpose of being painted on glass, for the window of the principal church in that flourishing town; and the commission was given by the members of this corporation, in consequence of the Institution having bestowed that mark of honour upon Mr. Hilton, in purchasing the *Crowning with Thorns*. Mr. Millar, of Regent Street, is appointed to execute this magnificent window, which we believe is the most splendid commission that has yet been given for a similar purpose, not even excepting the window at New College, Oxford, which was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and executed on glass by the ingenious Mr. Jervas.

The handsome window of the Gothic chapel of the college of St. Catherine's, now erecting in the Regent's Park, is to be ornamented with stained glass. We have been favoured with a sight of some of the compartments, designed and painted by Mr. Wil-

lement of Green Street, Grosvenor Square. Nothing that we have seen in modern art is more beautiful or more brilliant; indeed, no ancient stained glass can compete with these ornaments, either for tasteful design or harmony of the colours.

ANCIENT PAINTINGS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY. WE are informed, by a correspondent, that during some recent alterations in one of the chapels of this venerable structure, on removing the old panels, the workmen discovered an ancient painting, which is supposed to have been executed as early as the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Our informant describes it to be about four feet in length and of narrow proportion. It is divided into many compartments, in each of which is, or rather has been, a group of figures descriptive of some history, or legend, of olden times. The figures, a few inches in height, are, in many instances, nearly obliterated; some parts, however, are in tolerable preservation, and what remains is sufficient to exemplify the state of the art about this period.

The Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Farnborough, and other persons skilled in the antiquities of our island, have been to view them, and, we understand, that the graphic relic has excited no small degree of curiosity among the learned in these matters. It is intended to make this discovery part of the *raree show* at the abbey; and, no doubt, public curiosity will be attracted thither, to the delight of the dean and chapter, whose revenues will be not a little augmented by the stirring up of this additional *lion* from its ancient den.

Two other *lions* are in preparation, for the gratification of John Bull's sight-seeing propensity. These are expected to be full grown by the ensuing spring, and are to become part and parcel of the exhibition at Greenwich Hospital, in the shape of *naval battle-pieces*. The one by G. Jones, R. A., the other by Mr. H. B. Briggs.

Every friend to the interests of the native school must rejoice to hear of the well doing of its members; and the liberal spirit of the noblemen and gentlemen who preside over the affairs of the British Institution, in thus affording employment for two worthy and ingenious contemporaries, is hailed with pleasure. We, however, cannot express our unqualified admiration of the act, for the application of the best talent of the country to such purposes, adds little or nothing to the noble achievements of art. The stuffed coat of a naval hero, with the addition of a wax head, two yards of blue ribbon, and the obsolete star of a bankrupt noble-grand, compounded into another figure, like that of the *hero of the Nile*, in Westminster Abbey, would answer all the purposes of a shilling sight quite as well; whilst two pictures, of the price stipulated for these, might help to adorn the proposed National Gallery, which, once erected, might do real honour to the taste and fine arts of the empire.

Mr. Bailey, the sculptor, is proceeding with his magnificent group in *basso relievo*, the triumph of Britannia, for the pediment to the portico of Buckingham Palace in St.

James's Park. This masterly piece of sculpture, when completed, will really add to the honours of native art.

We have been informed, that Mr. Westmacott is also advancing with his colossal equestrian statue of our late sovereign, George the Third. This stupendous group, thirty feet in height, is to be placed at the end of the long vista of lofty elms, which forms the approach from the great park to Windsor Castle. The new gate entrance, erected for his present Majesty, (opposite the termination of this extensive grove, three miles in length,) will now complete the intention of his late Majesty, who had contemplated a similar improvement, whilst the late Mr. James Wyatt was superintending the alterations and improvements of this royal residence.

Mr. Mather Brown has disposed of his picture of King John signing Magna Charta, to — Neden, Esq.

The exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours closed on Saturday last, after the most successful season that has yet attended its prosperous career. It is no small advantage to this well appointed society to entertain the general goodwill of the press. The respective talents of its members, the comparative equality of the works exhibited, and the judicious manner of displaying them, furnish so agreeable a national spectacle, that the most fastidious critic on the productions of art finds so little to which he can reasonably object, that this general praise is but an act of common justice.

It had been feared that so many encreasing exhibitions would have been injurious to the interests of our old establishments of this order; but experience happily proves, that the general love of art keeps pace with the encreasing demands upon public taste, which as we had anticipated, once planted, would be of rapid growth: all the public exhibitions this spring have been crowded to excess.

There is one circumstance marking the present state of the affairs of art, which is more gratifying than all that has yet occurred from the period of the founding of the Royal Academy, by our revered late sovereign—namely, that we have lived to see the day, when the best productions of the British school are sought with greater avidity, and purchased at greater prices, than those of the same class of works by the old masters.

It is to the patriotic exertions of the noblemen and gentlemen who founded the British Institution that we owe this memorable *exchange* in our favour.

ENGRAVINGS.

Mr. Lambton's Son; engraved by SAMUEL COUSINS, from a painting by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, P. R. A. Published by Colnaghi and Son.

PERHAPS this is altogether the most beautiful and deservedly successful of modern prints. The greater number of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the original picture, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, about three years since, and was then universally admired, for its richness of colour, its perfect composition, and its interesting character.

The colour is of course lost in the engraving, but all its other attractions have been preserved to the very highest degree. The engraver is, we understand, a young man, and this is his first production of any note. A more advantageous *debut* was never made by any artist, and if he proceed improving, he will, beyond all question, rank among the highest of our mezzotinto engravers. It will be recollected, that the dress of the boy is velvet, and its peculiar softness has been admirably rendered; the face is one of extreme beauty, and this principal part of the print is undoubtedly the portion best executed. The expression is such as words can scarcely give an idea of, and to those who have not seen the work, all description of it must be faint and unavailing. All who wish to possess the happiest specimen of the work of our most distinguished painter, ably and beautifully copied by a most skillful engraver, will certainly procure this print, a good impression of which will soon become very rare.

The Painter and the Sculptor; two Prints, engraved by ROMNEY, from WATTEAU, published by Bulcock, Strand.

THERE is much humour and spirit in these prints, which represents two monkeys, the one admiring a picture which he has painted, and the other giving the last stroke to a finished bust. The attitude of the painter is particularly effective. The engraving of Romney is excellent, and has added materially to the force of the original designs.

The Escape and the Retriever; painted and drawn on stone, by JAMES WARD, R. A., published by R. Ackermann.

MR. WARD enjoys the highest rank as an animal painter. He is faithful in the extreme, and his colouring is almost perfect. In these two sketches, he has presented us with good specimens of his excellence in form and composition, and has produced a pair of interesting and admirable lithographic prints.

VARIETIES.

Madlle. Georges, on Thursday night, was honoured by the attendance of the most numerous and brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion that has been witnessed at the King's Theatre this season. Every box was filled, and the pit and galleries were crowded to access.

The English Opera House will open on Monday; the many favourite performers announced, and the general admiration which this theatre excites, promise much pleasure to the public and profit to the proprietors.

Public-spirited Bequest.—We learn that Mr. Buckingham, the author of the recently-published and highly-popular *Travels in Mesopotamia*, who has suffered so severely for the independent manner in which he conducted the *Calcutta Journal*, and the particulars of whose case are now familiar to the English public, has recently received a highly gratifying proof of sincere and undoubted sympathy in his cause, by the remittance from Bengal, of a legacy of five thousand rupees,

left him by the late Mr. Becher, an English gentleman of property, who had resided forty years in the interior of India, and who was therefore eminently qualified to judge of what was beneficial or injurious to the interests of that country. With this gentleman Mr. Buckingham, we are assured, never had any acquaintance, either personally or by correspondence. It must, therefore, have been solely on public grounds that, in the words of his will, he states this legacy to be left by him, 'in token of the respect which he bears to Mr. Buckingham, for his public zeal and manly conduct, with regard to those members of society in India, whom the mistaken and persecuting doctrines of policy have debarred from proving to the world that they are good Christians, loyal subjects, and worthy members of the community.'—We hear also, that Mr. Buckingham, desirous of evincing his gratitude to the patriotic testator, in some appropriate manner, and conscientiously believing that he could not fulfil his dying wishes more effectually than by following up, in this country, the same course of conduct which obtained him this proof, among a thousand others, of the sincere and general approbation of his fellow subjects in the East, proposes to devote the legacy in question to this public purpose, by making it the foundation of the new weekly journal, recently announced to be conducted by himself, under the title of *The Sphinx*: and it must be admitted that this application of the sum bequeathed, will do appropriate and deserved honour to the memory of its deceased giver.

The *Moniteur* of the 25th inst., contains an ordinance for the renewal of the censorship. By this attack on the liberty of the press, every number of a newspaper or periodical journal of any description, before it is printed, will be submitted to the previous examination of a bureau composed of six censors, viz. the sieurs Levaches Duplessis, Fouquet, Couvret, Pain, Rio, and Caix, all perfectly unknown as literary characters.

We understand that a splendid mezzotinto print of Mr. Canning is about to be published, from the admirable half-length painting, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1825.

Anecdote of Napoleon.—Above the town of Ajaccio, on one of the eminences that surrounds it, there are the ruins of a small fortress called Fortina. 'If I had but four thousand francs a-year,' said Bonaparte to the narrator, 'I know what I would do with it.'—'What would you do?'—'I would build a house on that spot.'—'Why so? it is a desert spot.'—'Yes, but I should then command the whole town.'—Is not the entire man evident in these few words?

Population of Hayti.—The *History of Hayti*, which is just published in Paris by M. Justin, contains more complete details relative to the statistics of this isle than any that have been hitherto received.—According to that work, the population of Hayti, in 1824, amounted to 700,000 inhabitants, who are classed as follows: blacks, 605,500; persons of colour, 84,000; whites, 500; foreigners domiciliated there, 10,000. The army consists of about 27,000 men.

The editor of the *Furet* is about to take a theatrical benefit at the Minor Theatre in Catherine Street.—A French tragedy and several foreign musical performances will form part of the evening's entertainment.

Amateurs of autographs will be delighted to hear that there is now publishing in Paris, a fac-simile collection of autographic letters, and signatures of eminent persons of every country. The editors have it in their power to draw from the richest sources; and the Royal Library in Paris, the different ministerial archives, and various private collections are also open to them. The first part of this *Isographie des Hommes Célèbres* has just appeared, it forms a quarto pamphlet and contains 24 fac-similes; among the number we notice those of Jean Bart; of Talbot; Philip II.; Mary de Medicis; Stanislaus, King of Poland; Louis XIII.; Goldoni; Vondel, a celebrated Dutch poet; and Molière.

OXFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

OXFORD, Tuesday night.—After the Bishop of Oxford concluded his sermon in behalf of the Radcliffe Infirmary, a sum of £140. was collected at the doors—the best proof of the eloquence displayed by the Right Reverend Prelate on the occasion.

At half-past three the doors of the theatre were opened, and the company assembled so rapidly, that, before the commencement of the oratorio, it was quite impossible to obtain a seat where the music could be heard to advantage. The oratorio, selected with much good taste and good feeling to begin the series of amusements, was that of *Palestine*, the words by the lamented Bishop Heber, the music by Dr. Crotch, Professor of Music in the University.

The oratorio terminated at a few minutes after eight o'clock, but before the singers left their stations, the whole assembly rose, and there was a loud and universal call for 'God save the King.' The request was complied with and its delivery was followed by plaudits that appeared to shake the venerable building.

The company then separated, to prepare for the amusement of the evening; and after a cold collation had been given by the Vice-Chancellor in the gardens of Baliol College, the various parties began to assemble at the Town-hall, where a ball was given, under the patronage of the Countess of Abingdon, and the Stewards, the Earl of Abingdon, W. H. Ashurst, Esq. M. P., Joseph Fane, Esq. M. P., James H. Langston, Esq. (M. P. for the city), Sir H. Willoughby, Bart. Sir Alexander Croke, George Dashwood, Esq., and Colonel Perrott. The ball-rooms were decorated in a very pleasing and tasteful manner, and an excellent supper was provided. This amusement was kept up until an early hour; or as early as to leave little time for that preparation necessary to the enjoyment of the scenes that were to follow.

The city is so crowded, that it is quite impossible to procure a bed at any of the inns.

At a very early hour in the morning, visitors began to assemble in the neighbourhood of the theatre, where the Crewein oration was to be delivered, and the prize essays and poems recited.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

OXFORD.

June 14.—Degrees conferred.—*Doctor in Divinity*: Rev. G. Fausset, Marg., prof. of divinity.—*Doctor in Medium*: J. Glendinning, Magdalen Hall. *Masters of Arts*: Rev. F. R. Miller, Worcester; Rev. J. Beaven, St. Edmund Hall; G. T. Palmer, Brazennose; Rev. W. Evans, Trinity; Rev. J. Currie, University; Rev. H. G. Currie, Oriel; Rev. E. Harbin, Rev. J. Scott, Wadham. *Bachelors of Arts*: W. Wilshire, Wadham; J. H. Turbitt, Scholar, J. C. Whateley, W. Ward, Worcester; R. Jackson, Scholar, Queen's; J. Lutcliffe, St. Edmund Hall; R. Luney, Magdalen Hall; J. Hughes, W. Mac Iver, C. Weary, J. G. Weir, W. Platt, Brazennose; W. Jacobson, Scholar, Lincoln; J. W. Jones, S. Lilley, St. G. A. Williams, Jesus; D. Wilson, L. C. Davies, Wadham; E. Williams, Pembroke; H. R. Barker, J. Woodruff, G. Carr, Merton; J. C. Wynter, T. Woodruff, St. John's; W. Richardson, T. Edwards, Exeter.

June 21.—Degrees conferred.—*Masters of Arts*: J. Ingram, University; H. Carey, scholar of Worcester; Rev. J. T. Parker, Rev. E. Palling, Queen's; G. Bowen, Rev. J. Troughton, Christ Church; Rev. H. J. Passand, St. Alban Hall; Rev. B. W. Wake-man, Rev. C. Turner, Wadham; Rev. B. Boucher, Rev. J. G. Round, Balliol; Rev. J. T. Wareing, Exeter; Rev. E. Falle, scholar of Pembroke. *Bachelors of Arts*: T. Tunnard, St. Mary Hall; W. J. Meech, fellow of New Coll.; H. Forbes, S. G. Bourke, St. Mary Hall; W. Pye, student of Christ Church; C. Hesketh, T. Dudley, Trinity.

The subject of Dr. Ellerton's theological prize, for the present year, is 'The faith of the apostles in the divine mission of our Saviour, was not the result of weakness or delusion, but of reasonable conviction.'

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Percy, dean of Canterbury, to be the new Bishop of Rochester.

The Rev. Dr. Carr, Bishop of Chichester, to be canon residentiary of St. Paul's.

The Rev. W. Leach, M.A., of Trinity Coll., Camb., to be a minor canon and presenter of Ely Cathedral. Archdeacon Bonney, to the deanery of Stamford.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Wellesley, brother to the Duke of Wellington, to a prebendary stall in Durham Cathedral.

The Rev. W. Glaister, Jun., M.A., fellow of University Coll., Oxford, to be a domestic chaplain to the Duke of Leeds.

The Rev. J. Blanchard, M.A., rector of Middleton, to be chaplain to Earl Ferrers.

The Rev. T. Symonds, M.A., vicar of Ensham, to be a domestic chaplain to Lord Clonbrock.

The Rev. J. D. Ward, to the rectory of Kingston, Isle of Wight.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
June 22	57	65	52	30 05	Fair.
..... 23	57	66	54	.. 10	Fair.
..... 24	58	67	55	.. 11	Fair.
..... 25	58	65	56	.. 10	Fair.
..... 26	59	70	56	.. 08	Cloudy.
..... 27	59	64	58	29 94	Cloudy.
..... 28	59	60	56	.. 68	Rain.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION: Ornithologia, or the Birds; a poem, with an Introduction to their Natural History, and copious Notes, long since announced by Mr. Jennings, will appear in the course of the autumn.—The Lecture given at the Mechanics' Institution, by the same gentleman, on the Nature and Operations of the Human Kind, is on the eve of publication.—The Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading, or the Six Worthy Yeomen of the West, will form the third part of Mr. W. J. Thoms's Series of Early Prose Romances.—The first part of the Second Series of the Stanley Tales, beautifully illustrated.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We have great pleasure in presenting our readers, in the present number, with an article of considerable interest. We allude to the review of Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon, which is furnished us by a French gentleman of well known talent, one of the editors of a journal of high reputation.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

THE EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY to the PUBLIC, from Nine in the Morning till Seven in the Evening.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.

D. T. EGERTON, Secretary.

N. B. Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

This day is published,
In 3 vols. foolscap 8vo. price 18s.

VITTORIA COLONNA: a TALE of ROME, in the Nineteenth Century.

'Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita sub arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.'

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

Just published,

EARLY PROSE ROMANCES; a Collection of Ancient English Fictions, with illustrative Notices.

By WILLIAM J. THOMS.

Part 1. Robert the Deynill, 3s. 6d.

— 2. The Lyfe of Virgilius, 3s. 6d.; 25 copies, thick paper, 7s.

— 3. Thomas of Reading, 3s. 6d.; 25 copies, thick paper, 7s.

— 4. The Merry Exploits of Robin Hood, will appear August 1st.

Published by W. Pickering, Chancery Lane.

CHRISTIAN REVIEW and CLERICAL MAGAZINE.

The Third Number of this Publication will appear June 30th, and among other important matter will contain Reviews of the following Works:—

Gentleman's Magazine and Periodical Press.—Biblical Travels.—Jay's Lectures.—Craig on Patriarchal Piety.—Pollock's Course of Time.—The Living and the Dead.—Archdeacon Spencer's Sermons.—M'Crie on the Reformation in Italy, &c. &c.

This day is published,

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CXXVIII. for July 1827.

CONTENTS.—I. Mr. Huskisson's Speech on the Shipping Interest.—II. The Real State of Ireland in 1827.—III. Song of Emigration, by F. H.—IV. Chapters on Church-yards. Chap. 10. Broad Summerford.—V. De Omnibus Rebus et Quibusdam Aliis.—VI. Two Passages in the Life of William M'Gee, Weaver in Hamilton; the Battle of the Brecks; the Monkey.—VII. The Irish Forty-Shilling Freeholders.—VIII. On the Scots Law of Marriage.—IX. The Shepherd's Calendar. By the Ettrick Shepherd. Dreams and Apparitions. Part 3.—X. A Subaltern in America. Chaps. 17 and 18.—XI. Cyril Thornton.—XII. Six Sonnets, by Delta.—XIII. Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. 34.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

On Saturday, the 30th, will be published, price 6s. the Third Number of

THE BRITISH CRITIC—QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW—and ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD.

CONTENTS:—Apocalyptic Writers—Fasti Hellenici—Memoirs of the Emperor Baber—Scholefield's Euripidis Tragediæ—D'Oyly's Sermons—Memoirs of Bishop Hall—Charges of the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel—Friendly Societies—Lettres de St. Pie V.—The Catholic Question—Mortimer and Sismondi on the Union of the Church—The Irish Pulpit—Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel—Smart's Song to David—Parliamentary Proceedings respecting the Church—Bill respecting Resignation Bonds—Unitarian Marriage Bills—Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—State of the Dioceses in England and Wales—Proceedings of the Universities.

Printed for C. and J. Rivington, St. Paul's Church Yard, and Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; and J. Mawman, Ludgate Hill.

The First Volume may now be had complete, price 12s. in boards; also, the Four Volumes of the Quarterly Theological Review, for the years 1825 and 1826, price £2. 8s. in boards, or any Number at 6s.

The following Prints are this day published, by R. Jennings, 2, Poultry:—

1st. A HIGHLY Finished Line Engraving of the celebrated Picture of the Lovers Quarrel, by G. S. Newton, Esq. Engraved by Charles Heath. Size of Print, 11 by 9; Prints, £1. 1s.; Proofs on French Paper, £1. 11s. 6d.; Proofs on India Paper, £2. 2s.; Proofs on India before the letters, £3. 3s.

2nd. A highly finished Line Engraving of the celebrated Picture of Puck, vide Midsummer Nights Dream, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Charles Heath. Size of Print, 14 by 11. Print, 14s.; Proofs on French Paper, £1. 1s.; Proofs on India Paper, £1. 11s. 6d.; Proofs on India before the letters, £2. 2s.

3rd. Six Etchings of Animals, by T. C. Zeitter, from Original Paintings by Cooper, Paul, Potter, Wouverman, Wilkie, Ward, and Thompson. Imperial 4to. price 12s. on India Paper.

NEW PUBLICATION.

THE SPHYNX.—On SUNDAY, 8th of JULY, will be published, the First Number of a NEW WEEKLY PAPER, uniting the advantages of an Independent Political Journal, an impartial Literary Review, and a faithful Chronicle of General Intelligence on all subjects of public interest.

This Paper will be printed on a Double Royal Sheet, of the finest texture and quality, and in a new and clear type selected expressly for the purpose. It will be published in a quarto form, between the size of The Atlas and the Literary Gazette, the leading features of each of which it will unite and improve, without exceeding either of these in price—being, with the stamp necessary to ensure free circulation by post, One Shilling per Number, of forty-eight closely printed columns.

The Proprietors of this Paper are unconnected with any political party, and have no private interests, whether of publishers or others, to serve, beyond a desire to ensure success to a more varied, comprehensive, and intellectual Weekly Journal than any with which they are acquainted, in which greater space than is usual will be afforded for the admission of Original Articles on the leading subjects of Political, Commercial, and Literary interest, by the exclusion of all the unnecessary repetition, as well as of the temporary, frivolous, and offensive details which are at present so profusely intruded on the public attention.

The Editorship and management of The Sphinx will be confided to Mr. Buckingham, the Author of Travels in Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia, whose experience, reputation, and success, as a Public Writer in India and in England may be regarded as some security for impartiality and integrity in the conduct of the Paper committed to his care. A powerful combination of Literary and Political talent has also been secured from other pens, and great confidence is felt in the issue of their exertions to deserve extensive support.

As this Notice will not be repeated, and as no surplus copies of the early numbers will be printed beyond those actually ordered, it is requested that all who may be desirous of seeing this Paper, and judging of its claims for themselves, without relying on the opinions of others, will transmit their Orders, by post, and without delay, either through their usual agents, or to the Publisher of The Sphinx, accompanied by such instructions as to address, payment, &c. as may prevent disappointment in the execution of their wishes.

Prospectuses, containing more detailed particulars as to the plan, classification, principles, materials, and resources of this Paper, will be found inserted among the Advertisements of the last Number of the Quarterly Review just published, and may be had at the Office of publication, No. 147, Strand, (between Waterloo Bridge and Somerset House,) and of all Booksellers and News Agents in Town and Country.

While the columns of The Sphinx will be principally devoted to the Politics and Literature of Europe, The Oriental Herald, which will be published at the same office and under the same direction, will include, at heretofore, the fullest and latest Intelligence on all subjects connected with India and the Eastern World. Of this Work, the public opinion has been sufficiently marked, during a period of nearly four years since its commencement, in the course of which Thirteen Volumes have been completed, and each received with increased approbation.

This Paper is published early on Saturday, price 8d.; or 1s. post free. Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

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